REGULUS:

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted by Their

Majesties Servants.

Written by Mr. *Crown.*

LONDON,

Printed for *James Knapton*, at the *Crown* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, 1694.

ADVERTISEMENT.

There is now in the Press, and will be published this Term, *The Memoirs of Monsieur De Pontis*; who served in the *French* Army six and fifty years, under *Henry* IV. *Lewis* XIII. and *Lewis* XIV. Kings of *France*; containing many remarkable Passages, relating to the War, the Court, and the Government of those Princes. In two Parts. Faithfully *Englished* at the Request of his Grace the Duke of *Ormond*. By *Charles Cotton*, Esq;

Dramatis Personæ.

The Names of the Persons in the Roman *Camp before* Carthage.

Regulus, Consul of *Rome*.	Mr. *Batterton.*
Metellus, Proconsul.	Mr. *Kynaston.*
Lepidus, A great *Roman* Commander.	
A *Roman* Augur.	
Fulvia, *Metellus's* Daughter.	Mrs. *Barry.*
Her Women.	

In Carthage.

Asdrubal, A young ambitious Prince, aiming to overthrow the Commonwealth of *Carthage*, and make himself King. He is in Love with *Elisa*.	Mr. *Mountford.*
Gisco, A rich *Carthaginian* Senator of *Asdrubals* Party.	Mr. *Leigh.*
Hiarbas, A luxurious Priest, a Flatterer of *Asdrubal*.	Mr. *Underhil.*
Batto, A rich treacherous Citizen that trades secretly with the *Romans*, flatters all sides for Profit.	Mr. *Dogget.*
Hamilcar, A noble *Carthaginian*, Prince of the Senate.	Mr. *Sandford.*
Xantippus, A *Spartan*, chosen General of the *Carthaginian* Armies.	Mr. *Williams.*
Elisa, *Hamilcars* Daughter.	

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Methinks the late victorious day has spread
O'er all your Cheeks, a lively pleasing red.
Our Naval Glory warms you, flaming joys
Kindle illuminations in your Eyes.
The Monsieurs thought our men by Sea and Land
Wou'd run, and nothing but the women stand;
They knew they'd charge again, so their intent
Was on the Fair to make a fierce Descent.
Now we once more shall have the full control
Of our own Seas, the French *ne're won, but stole.*
More goods will fall from France's *wounded hand,*
This Shock at Sea, will settle many a Land.
Ev'n France *may quit her Chains, and more enjoy*
Than a vain brag, Nous avous un Grand Roy;
For that's their all, it serves the Great instead
Of Manly Freedom, and the Poor for Bread.
To have a Great King indeed, poor harrass'd Slave,
And that Great King has you, and all you have.
If I may name among the High, the Low,
This will a Peace upon the Stage bestow;
Where Factions oft with Claps and Hisses fought,
But now one Party has a total Rout.
To expose their Pictures now we might be bold,
When Families are broke, their Goods are sold.
But we are too much pleas'd for Anger now,
What do not our brave Warriors bestow,
Defence and an Eternal Glorious Name?
Even we who fight not, share the Fighters Fame.
You cry we have beat the French, *when only here,*
You board a Vizard, a French *Privateer.*
But, Sirs, we must not throw contempt on you,
Great is the publick service Lovers do.
'Tis needful since Mankind in Battel dies,
Beauties and Sparks should beat up for Supplies.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by her that acts *Elise*'s part.

I'M in the closing of my part constrain'd
To leave my Native Soil, for Foreign Land;
I fly not for Religion, and the Laws,
But for Sweet Love, the common good old Cause.
I shall the Pity of all Parties move,
For every Faction is a Friend to Love.
The Oliverian Saints with Love made Leagues,
Religion was the Maskque of their Intrigues.
The pious Beauties of that Age were wise,
They bid their Sins, and shew'd their charming Eyes.
Our Vizards, just Antipodes to those,
Conceal their Beauties, and their Faults expose.
In putting off false Money, does an Ass
Who hides the Silver, and shews all the Brass.
Though no one Woman long to you is dear,
To the Fair Sex all Parties are sincere.
Therefore our Author chiefly doubts to day,
His Hero's Part, the Pillar of his Play.
He leaves a Beauty, all the World would prize,
To preserve Faith, too many now despise.
Knavery's so lov'd, rather than not be Knaves,
Some cheat themselves, plot to be wretched Slaves.
We Women do not find one Lover true,
You are as false to us, as we to you.
When young, untouch'd, a Woman comes in Print,
Into the World, like Money from the Mint.
She's sought by all, but soon she's made a Scoff,
A false Knave clips her, and then puts her off.
The Knaves and doting Women in the Play,
Are natural parts, you meet 'em every day.
But by some men our Hero will be damn'd,
Good reason, for by Heroes Knaves are shamm'd.
The French, ay and some English I'm afraid,
Have cause to wish Heroes had ne're been made.

ACT

ACT I.

SCENE *CARTHAGE*.

Gisgon and Batto looking through Prospective Glasses.

Gisg. Nineteen, twenty, one and twenty Towns o' fire.

Bat. Nay, I see two and twenty, an't like your Honour.

Gisg. I see the t'other lye under a Mountain. Well, tho our people are Rogues, and go to Hell, our Houses go up to Heaven.

Bat. Regulus plays the Devil, an't like your Honour: He beats us by Sea and Land, over-runs all our Country; is now come up to the Walls of *Carthage*, and here he burns our Forts and Towns, under the nose of our capital City.

Gisg. I won't trust this knave: But these confusions I hope will make my friend Prince *Asdrubal* King. *aside.*

Bat. Your Honour is a gallant Gentleman. If the Prince gets the management of the Commonwealth into his hands, (as I hope he will) you'll be at the top of affairs; but you'll be above troubling your self with business. If your Honour pleases to employ me, who have been in business all my life, as a Merchant, a Banker, a Farmer o' the Customs——

Gisg. And hast cheated in 'em all; thou hast cheated the Commonwealth of a thousand Talents.

Bat. Ah dear! I would I had, an't like your Honour. I am not worth much.

Gisg. Thou! no, who'll give any thing for thee? but your Bags are, Sir. Were not you rated on the publick charge?

Bat. Rated! ay, but I swore off.

Gisg. Nay, thou wilt swear off thy Ears, to save thy Money. Sir, you have as good an Estate as I have; And I am a man of quality, and you are but a Pedlar. Is that fit? you are a Pedlar I say, tho you trade for thousands. If you had any Honour by birth, you lose it by trade, and are a pedling fellow.

Bat. I honour! an't like your Honour, I don't pretend to it; if I did I should be undone. I live by my wits, and if I should pretend to be a great man, and a man of Honour, no body would trust me; for men of Honour think they may do any thing.

Gisg. We-

Gil. We men of quality do sometimes endeavour to humble such mechanick fellows as you are, and punish you for your insolence. I married a *Persian* Lady of noble birth and fortunes; and the King did me the Honour to dance at my Wedding; I shall be proud of it as long as I live. Now you are a Mechanick, and marry'd a Wife no better than your self; and your Wife has the insolence to vye for finery, and dresses, with my most noble Lady. I tell you what, humble your Wife, or I'll break your pate.

Bar. I cannot, an't please your Honour, she humbles me.

Gil. I'll humble you then then. How now! what graceful person comes this way? oh! 'tis my very venerable friend, the Priest of *Hercules*.

Bar. He has the marks of a jolly rich Priest; a rubrick Nose, and a canonical belly.

Gil. You'd have been as errant an Ass as you are. Sir; starve in the midst of wealth. He eats and drinks like a man of sense. Here he comes.

Enter Harpax.

My very venerable friend, how does your Reverend person?

Hi. Very—aw—(*yawns*)—well—aw—

Gil. Your Reverence I think is drowzy.

Hi. Yes in troth. I cop'd my Nap something short last Night, and now it springs again. Drowsiness twists Vine-like about my Chops, and arrests me for the Hours I borrowed of her.

Gil. What? you were up at study?

Hi. No in troth, I study not of late, it makes me fat; 'tis a great hinderer of digestion.

Gil. Not of digesting Books, my reverend friend.

Hi. Ha' not leisure now to digest Books. I laid in a good stock of Academick sense when I was young, and faith that serves me now. How dost thou do, *Bara*?

Bar. Thank your Reverence.

Hi. This is an honest fellow, Senator.

Gil. No, no, a knave, a knave.

Hi. He comes to my Temple sometimes, and gives me my dues: if a man does that, I forgive him a great many frailties. I love to season life with a good even hand; Vertue, Morality and Piety, are very wholsome things, but not over toothsome. We must mingle a little liberty and frailty with 'em, and then they relish well.

Gil. Your Reverence speaks like a Gentleman. But I am not of opinion, because a man o' quality now and then makes bold with Heaven, therefore every Jack-Sawce may do it. I think a Gentleman shou'd be indulg'd.

Hi. Sir, a Prince is to have his will, for he's the Image of the Gods; a Gentleman is to have his pleasure, for he is the Image of his Prince; a common fellow is to drudge, for he is the Image of an Ass. *Shows.*

Gil. Did not your Reverence hear the shouts and huzza's of the people after our splendid friend Prince *Asdrubal*. A word wi' you——He's in a fair way to be King. *aside.*

Hi.

Hi. Silence, have a care. (*A shout.*) Hark, I think he comes.

Gis. Ay, 'tis he! 'tis he! and all the World after him, I am over-joy'd.

Enter Asdrubal, *followed by an armed multitude.*

Sir, I am in raptures, I cannot govern my joy, I must ardently embrace your knees.

Asd. Enough.

Gis. Sir, I can never have enough.

Hier. A word with you, Senator, you will betray all. (*aside.*) No body will believe these Transports of Joy, at the Prince's advancement, are for the sake of the Publick.

Gis. Damn the Publick! I care not a Farthing for the Publick.

Hier. Every body believes that, therefore these Raptures are plain confessions of some other aims. (*aside.*) Well Fellow Citizens, you are in a fair way to be great and happy; you address to a Prince, who has power and vertue, can, and will save you.

Asd. To serve you all, I'm sure I have a Will.
If I want Power, that is not my Fault.
And here are coming some to take away,
That little Power I have, I mean the Guards.
They're coming to oppose me, and themselves;
For I'm it may be the best Friend they have.

Hier. There's Lord *Hamilcar* in the head of 'em.

Gis. He's a wise man, did not your Highness offer to marry his Daughter?

Asd. I did. I thought him then a man of Honor.

Gis. Well, let 'em come, we've strength to deal with 'em.

Enter Hamilcar, *and a Guard.*

Ham. Lord *Asdrubal*, why will thou force the Senate
To use your ill? your noble Ancestors
Highly oblig'd your Country, their deserts
Have pleaded for you, and we lent an ear,
Till your extravagance ran to this height,
And in the Town made a wide dangerous rent,
When mighty *Regulus* is at our Walls,
And our united strength can scarce preserve us.

Asd. Have you spoken?

Ham. I have.

Asd. Then pray bear patiently some words from me.
I've suffer'd tamely many wrongs from you,
And the whole Senate. For the sake of peace,
My private wrongs I never will revenge:
But for the sake of peace and publick good,
The injuries your self, and many more
Have done the Common-wealth, I'll ne're forgive.
No, with the hazard of my life, I'll try
To right my Country upon all of you.

Hum. Well, you shall very quickly hear from me.

Ast. You

[illegible] You [illegible] Prince, [illegible]
[illegible] you may [illegible] for I [illegible]
[illegible] than I am; but [illegible]
But you I hope will get all your [illegible] *Exit.*

Gil. Here's a Prince!

Mar. Thank the Gods, for giving you such a man!

Gil. Look if they [illegible] for shame [illegible] *Exit. Starting.*

Bat. This [illegible] *Ardrabel* [illegible] he would [illegible] all this [illegible] the [illegible] Pleasure [illegible] a Crown [illegible] to [illegible] We Men [illegible] shall have the management [illegible] but his Women. He will keep Generals to be beaten for him, [illegible] as I to be hang'd for him. He'll commit Faults in his [illegible] and think to be hang'd in ours. But he is mistaken; for [illegible] got the Money, and is poverish'd him, we shall be [illegible] Charge, and he'll be despised and punished for being cheated. No man forgives Poverty or Folly.

SCENE Hamilcars *House.*

Enter Hamilcar, *and a Gentleman.*

Ham. Where is the *Spartan* General.

Gen. Gone to view
The new Recruits, encamp'd before the Town,
But he's return'd, I see him come this way. *Exit.*

Enter Xantippus.

Ham. Oh welcome! brave Protector of our State,
What News out o'the Feild? I need not ask
I see a mournful palmess on your cheek.

Xant. There is a burning Face you do not mind,
The Face of Heav'n scorch'd with your flaming Towns
The great victorious *Roman Rogers*,
Is not content to take your Seas and Lands,
He also means to conquer all your Skys;
Look out you'll see him scaling Heav'n by fire.

Ham. What need he? he's already Master there,
Since his bold landing here, no happy Star,
Has corresponded with our falling State;
As if he barr'd up all the Roads above,
As he does those of our lost Provinces.

Xant. Would he could bar up all the Roads of Hell;
That Hell might have no correspondence here.

Ham. Ay, that commerce has brought our Commonwealth,
From a stupendious height of Power and Wealth,
To be a Beggar, and a public Charge,

Depending

Depending on our Neighbours Charity.
Had not you brought your *Spartan* to our aid
We must ha' sunk; and we are so corrupt
I think it is a sin to buoy us up,
And destroy men who ought to be ador'd,
To preserve men who ought to be destroy'd.
The meanest *Roman* [illegible] the Son of *Jove*,
And mighty *Regulus* [illegible] himself.
Xan. Well we must make a speedy desperate push,
Or else between the glorious *Regulus*,
And corrupt *Asarubal* we shall be crush'd.
Asarubal gets the ground we lose in Town,
And *Regulus* our Provinces abroad.
And this good man, our honest careful spy
Tells me, the *Romans* from the next fair wind
Shou'd land 'ear here, at least two Legions more.
Spy. My Lord, they are expected every hour.
Ham. Then we can soon determine what to do.
If they are now too great a weight for us,
What will they be when they have this supply?
Xan. 'Tis true, therefore to day I'll to the Scale,
And I have hope, for I perceive of late,
In my brave Enemy some levity.
He's wanton with success and plays with you.
As if he were asham'd of being grave
In such a trifling thing, as fighting me.
I hope to make good use of this to day.
Mean while, my Lord, pray make this Town your care,
Your Province is as dangerous as mine.
For you must deal with treacherous Enemies.
Ham. My Lord, I'll take what Post you please to give me.
For our Republick, ay and Nature too,
Have made you my superior.
Xan. How my Lord?
Are not you Father of my fair *Elisa*?
And in her love the maker of my Fortunes?
And shortly you will be my Father too.
Oh! what a noble Friend y'ave been to me?
To oblige me you have expos'd your life.
I was so bold for your fair Daughters love,
To Rival *Asarubal*, a mighty Prince;
And you as bold gave me the preference.
And by that means have brought his rage upon you.
How brave is this? and oh! how generous!
For I'm a Subject to the *Spartan* State,

Where

Where Kings are poor; and he's a Prince in *Carthage*,
Where Subjects have more Riches than some Kings.
But see the lovely *Eliſa* comes this way,
Have I your leave to talk with her a while?

Hen. You need not ask it, ſhe's more yours than mine.
For I have given you all my right in her;
And now retire to give you liberty. *Exit.*

Syp. Your Lordſhip has no more commands for me?

Xan. Only to hide with care from every man,
That I employ you to the *Roman* Camp.
For if the factious men ſhou'd come to know,
They'd put a falſe malicious ſenſe upon't;
And from it work much miſchief.

Syp. I'll conceal it. *Exit.*

Enter Eliſa, *and her Woman.*

El. Oh! here's my Lord.

Xan. My Love! thou trembleſt, Dear!

El. Have I not cauſe?
All *Carthage* has been ſhaken with the ſhouts
Of the vaſt Crouds that follow *Aſdrubal*.
They ſay he will be King; well if he be,
I'll be a Ghoſt; he hunts me eagerly.
But I abhor him; I had rather be
The aſhes of your Wife, in a cold Urn,
Than in Golden Bed his living Queen.

Xan. Oh! my kind Love! how ſhall I anſwer thee?
We *Spartans* ſhun all luxury, even in words.
We plainly dreſs our bodies, and our thoughts.
I can but ſay, I love.

El. And that's enough.
They who buy Plate by weight, regard the Metal,
And not the Art about it; words receive
A higher price from truth, than art or wit.
I know thou lov'ſt me, for thou haſt for me
Deſpis'd a hundred ſhining beauties here,
Who languiſh for thee.

Xan. Thou haſt ſhunn'd for me,
Not only wealthy Youth, but Wealth it ſelf,
I have no Gold, nay more, I muſt have none.
Our *Sparta* abhors riches as a Peſt.
We will not ſuffer the leaſt Symptom there
Of Wealth or Luxury to ſhew it ſelf.
I dare no more ſhew fair *Eliſa* beauty
Cover'd with Rubies, than infect our hearts,
Nor her white ſlender Fingers hid in Rings,

Than

Than with foul Tumors. Finery we loath,
And think the breaking out of a rank mind.
Yet thou art willing, Dear, to go with me,
And leave thy Robes and Jewels.
El. What are those?
The Liveries we Slaves to Fashions wear.
Alas! I have not seen 'em many a day,
Since I've seen thee, I have seen nothing else.
My eyes and thoughts have all been upon thee.
Xan. My Dear! yet we in *Sparta* are not poor,
There's no one there without a great Estate,
For every one owns the whole Commonwealth,
Which must provide him ev'ry thing he wants.
The Law takes measure of us all for Cloaths,
Diets us all, and in the sight of all,
To keep us from all private Leagues with Wealth.
There every Town seems but one Family,
Where all attir'd alike, and modestly,
Do at one common Table eat plain Food.
El. Why say you *Sparta* forbids Luxury?
You live in all the Luxury of Heaven.
Love, Peace and Vertue are the Joys of Gods.
Xan. Indeed we ha' not much domestic strife;
We measure all things equally to all.
So none like Billows rise to make a Storm.
Even Priests and Lawyers live in quiet there.
El. Have you no Titles and Distinctions there?
Xan. Only what Merit makes; we mind not Blood,
Nor a vain Title floating on that Stream.
Only great Actions there beget great Sounds.
Your high-sprung Blood in *Sparta* will be lost:
I mean all your Precedencies of Birth.
You must give place to aged Matrons there,
Whose greatest Riches are their silver Hairs.
El. Let me have the Precedence in your Heart,
And let who will take all the World beside.
Xan. Oh! we shall be luxurious in Love;
But that will be no breach of *Spartan* Laws.
El. Well, when shall we enjoy this happy Life,
And leave our *Carthaginian* Prison here?
So the victorious *Romans* make this Town.
Xan. I do not know, I'll try my Fate this day,
This day shall be the last deciding Battle.
I'll be a Conqueror, a Slave, or Ghost.
Elis. A Ghost? a damp evapo'rates from the word,
Which sickens me to death.

Xan. Ha!

Xan. Ha! ha! ha!

El. D'ye laugh at me?

Xan. My Dear! thou put'ſt me in mind of Novices,
Who when they firſt meet danger, duck at Arrows,
But when their maid'nly terrors are all o'er,
Laugh at themſelves, as thou wilt do in time.

El. Sure when your life's expos'd, I ſhall not laugh.

Xan. A Soldiers life lies wholly in his honour;
And that lives beſt in danger. If thou hear'ſt
My honour's loſt, ſhed pitying tears for me;
And think thou art a widow though I live:
But if my honour lives, though I am kill'd,
Triumph; and ſhed no tears but thoſe of Joy,
For that's the manner of a *Spartan* Wife.
And ſo farewell.

El. Thou ſhalt not go.

Xan. Away. [*He ruſhes out.*

El. Then can you caſt me off? Oh! cruel man!
Lead, lead me to my bed and bind my hands,
Or I ſhall do ſome violence to my ſelf.
Shall I be thus when I am married?
I do not find all Soldiers wives are thus:
Marriage perhaps may teach me wit, and I
May learn to let my Husband fight, and dye. *Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE *Continues.*

Enter Spy *and* Batto *at ſeveral Doors.*

Bat. OH! how doſt thou do? when waſt thou with our Chapmen the *Romans*?

Spy. I juſt came from 'em.

Bat. How went off our Commodities?

Spy. Our Swords went off but dully; there having not been a Battle a good while, they ha' not loſt many Swords. But they have ſhot away a abundance of Arrows againſt the Town; and were in great want of Arrows. So they gave us any thing for our Arrows.

Bat. That's well.

Spy. We are a couple o' pure Rogues. We ſell Arms to the *Romans*, to cut the Throats of our own Countrymen, the *Carthaginians*.

Bat. Ay, but we ſell our Arms ſo dear, we cut the Throats o' the *Romans* too. What News of *Italian* Wine? Could you meet with a Bargain?

Spy. A rare Bargain. You muſt know *Regulus* is a ſevere man; he won't ſuffer any man in his Army to drink VVine, unleſs he be ſick. So, Sir, there came the other day a Ship from *Italy*, loaden with VVine, and thought to come to a great Market here, becauſe all the Vineyards here are cut down and ſpoil'd. E'gad, *Regulus* having Wine enough to ſerve ſick men on occaſion, would not ſuffer a drop of it to be ſold to his Army, ſo I bought it for a Song.

Bat. That's well; it comes in rare ſeaſon; Wine is very ſcarce among us, and our Countrymen will have Wine. Drunkenneſs is an honorable Quality amongſt us. VVine they will have, and have no ſtoppage of VVine here, give my Trade the Strangury. In what Condition did you find the *Roman* Army?

Spy. A very good one.

Bat. I am glad of it. Then the Blockade will continue, and ſo Corn muſt riſe. 'Tis true, thanks be to the Gods, there is a pretty good convenient Famine amongſt us, which makes Corn a good Commodity; and I have a large ſtock. But I'll keep my Corn a while longer, and make the beſt o' the Famine.

Spy. Oh! you inhumane Rogue! your Corn already grinds all the Town, haſt thou no Conſcience?

Bat. I don't

Bat. I don't see any body has any Conscience, after they come to years of Discretion. Most People have it when they are young, as they have the Small Pox; but when they are once cured of it, they are seldom troubled with it any more.

Spy. If thou hast no regard to the Gods, thou mayst have a little to the Commonwealth.

Bat. Hang the Commonwealth. Does not every body cheat the Commonwealth as much as he can? why should I be honest all alone by my self?

Spy. Does your Priest of *Hercules* teach you no better?

Bat. He has no more Religion than myself. Drinking has cup'd the humor out of him. VVell, is this all you have to say to me?

Spy. No, I have News for you worth a Talent every Syllable.

Bat. VVhat is't? what is't?

Spy. I'll trust you with it, for I know how to make my Pen'orths out of you. If you be false to me, I'll get my own Pardon, and hang you. Apply your self to my Lord *Hamilcar*.

Bat. To him? The People are ready to knock out his Brains, and have set up *Asdrubal*.

Spy. The People are Asses, and meddle with that they do not understand, State Affairs. A *Roman* Tribune has engaged to put *Regulus* into the *Spartan* General's hands. 'Twill be done to day, and then the People will knock out *Asdrubals* Brains, and set up *Hamilcar*.

Bat. Nay if the *Romans* begin to sell one another, we'll deal with 'em. I'll to my Lord *Hamilcar* presently; but for fear this business should not succeed, I'll to my Lord *Asdrubal* too.

Spy. VVell, Sir, remember I have you by the Neck. If you get into business, put me in, or I'le hang you. *Ex.*

SCENE Asdrubals *Palace*.

Enter Asdrubal, Hiarbas, Gisgon.

Gisg. Oh! Sir! how rarely your Highness dissembled to day?

Asd. VVhat did I dissemble?

Gis. Your desire to the Crown.

Asd. Who told you I desire the Crown?

Gis. Did you take all this trouble for a parcel of Fellows, they call the Country? You are of more worth than a Thousand such Countries! I love a Court, and Pomp, and Gallantry. I hate a Nation where the People are ador'd.

Hiar. Adore the People, they are Antigods, nothing they make, but every thing they mar.

Asd. They made too much in *Carthage*; a great man is only Clay, till they breath life in him.

Gis. Oh! Sir, I am glad to hear so much come from you, we shall have more shortly! I'd feign see you a King, great as the *Persian* King, as absolute

Head, Hang, Starve whom you will! Ah that's great! that's right!

Aſd. Would you like it?

Giſ. Ay! why not Sir? You ſhould never have my Head I warrant you. Why ſhould you? I'll do whatever you pleaſe.

Aſd. And would your Reverence like it too?

Hier. I ha' more reaſon to like it than he has, becauſe I ſhall ha' more ſhare o' power than he. He can have no Power but what his Prince gives him; but I ſhall give my Prince Power, and therefore he'll take none from me.

Aſd. And will you do what I pleaſe?

Hier. You ſhall be pleaſed with what I do, and that's all one. I will give you this world to do what you will with, when you are alive, and heaven when y're dead, what would you have more? And I being ſo uſeful to you, you will for your own ſake be as uſeful to me. And we thus ſharing Power, are by conſequence to help one another to as much as we can.

Giſ. Sir, this is a very fine Gentleman, and a Wiſe man.

Hier. I know what's what. Some half-witted men will throw away this World to get Heaven, and ſome will throw away Heaven to get this World; for my part I am for 'em both. What good Manners do we ſhew to Heaven by ſlighting the good Creatures, which Heaven has made? I take Prayers and Liquor both down Supernaculum, I leave not a Tittle of one, nor a Drop o' t'other.

Giſ. This Gentleman, Sir, will make a rare Companion and Counſellor both. Well, Sir, I beſeech you promiſe us to be King. If you will not Sir, I'll humbly take my leave of you; and be gone to my Tenants and Vaſſals, where I'll be a little King myſelf. There if a man asks me the reaſon why I do a thing, I cut his Pate; there's my reaſon, Sirrah, ſays I.

Hier. Indeed, Sir, your Friends will have no heart to ſtand by you, if your Enemies the Senate will reap the Benefit of all your Friends do.

Aſd. I will unboſome my ſelf to you. I go to lodge a ſecret in your Breaſt, will be your death if ever you reveal it. Know then, I've tryed all Pleaſures but Reigning, and I will Reign becauſe 'tis a new Pleaſure.

Giſ. Huzza! now things will go right, Sir, if you reign for pleaſure, then pleaſure will reign; and I am a man of Pleaſure. I know you will do no buſineſs in your own Perſon; you will not go to bed on your own legs; you'l ride on Necks o' Slaves to bed to Concubines.

Hier. Oh! fie! Senator! The Prince will make a vertuous King.

Giſ. Not over vertuous, you know it.

Hier. I don't know it, I never ſee any fault in a Perſon of Quality; I ha' more manners.

Aſd. I ſhall make bold with a little lewdneſs.

Hier. Well, if you ſhall, Heaven bleſs you, Sir, that's all I ſay. Truth is, I would not have a man have too much Vertue; for a man all Vertue, like a Pye all Spice, will not pleaſe.

Aſd. He-

Asd. He is not fit to rule, whom Vertue reigns,
He's fit to rule, who has at his Command
Vertue or Vice, as needs of State require.

Hiar. A notable wise Maxim, and has much truth in it.

Gis. We shall have rare times. Pray, Sir, lets ha'no Soldiering. If we must be Soldiers, let's be Soldiers o' wit and pleasure here about the Town; see no Fight, but a Cock-fight, or so.

Asd. I can and will fight, if need require.

Gis. Now we talk of new Pleasures, Sir, pray give me a Command at Sea. I'd fain have a Command at Sea, because I never was at Sea in my life.

Asd. You'd have me Reign, how shou'd I get the Crown?
The People follow me for their own Ends;
That I shou'd guard 'em all from being enslav'd.

Hiar. I'l undertake, Sir, be *Rome*'s humble Servant,
She'l make you Master of this Commonwealth.
I'l recommend to you a cunning Rogue,
Who trafficks with the *Romans* privately,
And shall help you to correspond with 'em.
'Tis the rich *Batto.*

Asd. How? I put my Head
Into a mercenary Rascal's power?

Hiar. Come, Sir, I'll put my Head into his power.
He will not sell it, it will yield him little.
I'll venture to talk with him.

Gis. Have a care,
For he once serv'd *Hamilcar.*

Hiar. Ay, for Gain.
Profit will make him serve Man or Fury.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Batto desires Admission to your Highness.

Asd. Let him come in. [*Enter* Batto.
How now, your business *Batto*?

Bat. Only to wish your Highness prosperity and glory; and to tender my humble service to you, who (though I say it) am able to serve you, Sir; I've been in publick Business all my life.

Gis. Come, you are an ill Man, who so great as you, but t'other day, with my Lord *Hamilcar*?

Bat. Sir, I found him a good Man.

Asd. How? do you call an Enemy to the Commonwealth a good Man?

Bat. An't please your Highness, ours is a trading Town, and we trading Men, account a Man a good Man, if his Bond be good, and his Security for Money good, we look for no other goodness. He was once a very thriving Man, and I confess I have a great respect for thriving Men. But when once a Man gives over thriving, I have done with him.

Asd.

Aſd. Ours is a trading City, and the Trade
Fills us with dirty Streets, and dirty Souls;
Our Sea brings Mud up to our very Souls.
When I command the Town, I'll make it trade
With Honour, Vertue and Piety, ſomething more.

Gif. Here's a Prince! your Reverence bred him;
He is an honour to you.

Hiar. Indeed I have much comfort from him.

Bat. But ſuppoſe I be a Knave. (as I hope I am not) I'm ſure I ſay my Prayers often, and go to Temples at all idle hours I can ſpare.

Hiar. Idle hours! y'are an idle Fellow.

Bat. I beg your Reverences pardon, I mean I go as often as I can, for I'm a Man of great buſineſs. But ſuppoſe I be a Knave, I'm fitter to ſerve your Highneſs in the Revennes than any Man elſe, be he never ſo honeſt, becauſe I ha' been more employ'd in 'em than any Man has. 'Tis true, an honeſt Man won't cheat you, but if he be ignorant, he'l let a thouſand cheat you. Employ me, Sir, and if I let you be cheated by any Man but my ſelf, I'l be hang'd. And I'l take care to enrich you, that I may cheat you inſenſibly, and you never diſcern it.

Aſd. The Fellow talks Senſe; nay, if I let Buſineſs lie ſtill till I meet with an honeſt Man, I may wait long enough.

Gif. D'ye hear? his Highneſs is thinking to employ a Knave, there's hopes for you.

Hiar. Hark you a word—You traffick with the *Romans*.

Bat. Oh dear! who tells your Reverence ſuch a Falſhood?

Hiar. Deny it not, I know it, and can hang you,
But on the contrary I will encourage you.
The *Romans* are a godly Nation,
And our's a vile; I, and more godly Men
Have a deſign, by help of the good *Romans*,
To give bad *Carthage* a Religious Maſter,
That is this Prince. Though he was wild of late,
He's now reform'd, and is a heavenly Man.
Help you to make him King, when he is King,
You may be ſure of a very rich Reward.

Bat. Well, I will ſerve his Highneſs.
That is, if he ſucceeds—I'l ſtay till then———— [*Aſide.*
If he does not ſucceed, I will inform
The Senate, and help them to hang up him.
If he gets all the Town into his power,
I'l help him to be King, and hang the Senate. [*A Shout.*

Aſd. See, what's the meaning of that Shout.

Enter Gentleman.

Gen. The *Spartan* General, and *Hamilcar*, have treated with *Regulus* about delivering the Town.

Aſd.

Aſd. Now the truth comes to light.

Gen. A *Roman* Tribune was privately convey'd under-ground to Lord *Hamilcar*'s houſe about that deſign. The People have learnt the Story, thouſands are run to the Lord *Hamilcar*'s houſe to pull it down, thouſands are come to your Palace to beg you to protect 'em againſt the *Romans* and *Hamilcar* both.

Hiar. Where's the *Spartan* General?

Gen. Gone out o' Town, to bring *Regulus* in.
The people have ſhut the Gates, and are reſolv'd to kill him if ever he comes near the walls.

Aſd. I'l among the good people, and ſerve 'em. [*Ex.*

SCENE *the* Roman *Camp.*

Enter Fulvia *and her Women, a Song ſung to her.*

The SONG.

Ah me! to many Deaths decreed,
My Love to War goes every day.
In every Wound of his I bleed,
I die the hour he goes away,
Yet I wou'd hate him ſhou'd he ſtay.

Ah me! to many Deaths decreed,
By Love or War I hourly die;
If I ſee not my Love I bleed,
Yet when I have him in my Eye,
He kills me with exceſs of Joy.

Ful. Go bid the Muſick ceaſe, I find it vain.
Dark thoughts of late have my mind their haunt.
I thought to lay th'ill Spirits by ſweet Sounds,
But 'twill not do, who's that Commander there?

Wom. Lepidus, Madam.

Ful. Oh! a gallant Man——
And one I love, becauſe he loves the Conſul.
Go call him hither, I wou'd ſpeak with him.

Enter Lepidus.

Good morning, *Lepidus*, what news to day?

Lep. Oh! Madam! joyful News! the gracious Gods

Have

Have ſtoop'd to be our Pioneers to night,
And undermin'd the *Carthaginian* Wall;
Thrown to the ground no little part of it.
We have an open paſſage into Town,
And we'l accept the invitation.
The Conſul will in perſon view the Breach,
Then order an Aſſault.
Ful. Oh! *Lepidus!*
I taſte no Joy in this.
Lep. Good Madam, why?
Ful. I am diſtemper'd with oppreſſing Fears,
Which deaden all delight to me—— I've none
Even in my lov'd, my ador'd *Regulus*.
Lep. How? none in *Regulus?*
Ful. None even in him.
My Sorrow comes from him.
Lep. What is his Fault?
Ful. He has no Fault, from thence my Fears ariſe.
We always find, Men have a check by death,
When they approach near Gods in excellence.
If they will be ador'd, they muſt aſcend,
And put off mortal Natures. Had he Faults,
To moderate my Bliſs, and make it fit
For humane Creature, I ſhou'd have more hope.
But nothing mortal, muſt preſume to reach
At perfect happineſs, the lot of Heaven.
Lep. You hunt out Griefs, as they were hard to find;
And ſtudy Arts how to perplex your ſelf.
Conſider, Madam, how belov'd he ſeems
By Fortune, how ſhe fondly clings to him,
Careſſes him with ſtrange extravagance.
At his firſt landing here, ſhe tore in two
This Empire, and gave him the faireſt piece.
Now ſhe has torn yon' Wall, as ſhe were mad,
To have him nearer, faſter in her Arms.
And the truth is, he has her now ſo faſt,
She cannot if ſhe wou'd break from him now.
Ful. I know his Fortunes are like his Deſerts.
In great Exceſs, but all Exceſs deſtroys.
Exceſſive Luſtre, like exceſſive Heat,
Frail Man bears not. We very rarely find,
Men in intemp'rate Glories are long-liv'd.
Oh! he is near his end.
Lep. Nay, this is ſtrange!
Ful. I muſt lament his death before he dies,

For

For when he's dead, I ſhall run mad with grief;
And the dear Man will fall unmourn'd by me.
Lep. Miſery deſerves not ſure this great Reſpect;
That you ſhou'd run to meet it ere it comes.
Ful. You make me mad; have I more fear than you,
Or any in the Camp? did not this Morn
Spread Terrors through you all?
Lep. Then have you heard?——
Ful. I cou'd hear Thunder ſure;
Thunder, which ſeem'd to burſt the Firmament.
And I cou'd ſee the ruddy Face of Morn
Turn'd o' the ſudden black; one wou'd ha' thought
The Night had wheel'd about, and ſtrangled her.
Night ne're was clad in ſuch thick woven Blacks,
As were of late, ſpread like a Funeral Pall
O're day, as day were dead.
Lep. 'Twas wonderful.
Ful. Why d'ye abuſe me then, and hide the truth,
As I were th' only Woman in your Camp?
The boldeſt of you all, was turn'd this Morn
To things, like heartleſs Women at the leaſt.
And by a Woman too, by ſomething leſs
The ſhadow of a Woman. I've heard all——
Lep. I'm ſorry for't.
Ful. Day turn'd away its Face,
That a dead Beauty boldly might appear
In all the wretched nakedneſs of Death,
To the great Man, to whom ſhe once was fair,
The Conſul. Did not his late beautiful
Chaſte modeſt Wife, the dead *Apamia*,
Appear to him this Morning in his Tent?
Ay, and to you, and many more great Officers
Aſſembled there.
Lep. She did, if we dreamt not.
Ful. Oh! you were far from ſuch repoſe as ſleep.
The Fantom whiter than the Shroud ſhe wore
Diſſolv'd you all into a thin cold dew,
You lay all vaniſhing beneath her eye,
Which brightly ſhone thro' the dim miſts of death.
She was the firmeſt ſubſtance of you all,
Bating the Conſul; he remain'd the ſame,
And was the only living perſon there,
Whom yet ſhe ſeem'd to ſay, with ſpeaking looks,
She pitied much, ſhe pierc'd his eyes with hers,
As with their points ſhe wou'd upon his Soul
Engrave her pitying thoughts.

Lep. 'Twas so indeed.
But they were much to blame who told you this,
And frightned you; I wou'd no more ha' don't
Than thrown a poyson'd Dart into your breast.
Ful. VVhy should you hide from me what is my own?
I've in this dismal story too much share,
More than my understanding can dispose,
'Twill make me mad. Ah! may I lose my wits,
E're I lose him; that I may have no sence
VVhen the Blow comes.
Lep. VVhy do you think 'twill come?
Ful. VVhat else should move the dead *Apamia*
To bear the light, which living beauties shun,
But to have him? Oh! that's her Errant here!
Lep. I'll not presume to combat with your fear;
One will soon do it, who can conquer it,
He conquers all things, 'tis your *Regulus*,
Your griefs and fears have reach'd his ear and heart,
And he will come to ease your soul and his. [*Trumpets.*
He's come; I see his Guards, I see himself.
I see your Father the Proconsul too.

Enter Regellus, Metellus, *an Augur.*

Reg. Most beautiful reward of all my Labors,
In whose kind Love I am before hand paid,
And overpaid for all my Sword can do;
Permit me to be careful of my Treasure,
And lodge you safely in the Fort of *Clypea*.
The Enemy have met with some Recruits,
And make a shew of fighting us to day.
If fighting will oblige them, I will serve them.
Retire my Love from danger, for the sake
Of me and *Rome*, else I shall fight to day
Greatly disorder'd by my fears for you.
Ful. I know the pleasure which you take in Glory.
That a brave Enemy who fights you well,
Does entertain you well. I would not dare
To call you from the Glory you pursue
VVith so much ardor, were I not compell'd
By many Thousand Omens and Presages,
VVhich seem to me the Messengers of Heaven.
I beg you for the sake of *Rome* and me,
You'll stay till some few threatning days are past.
Reg. Stay till those days bring all the ills they threat,
Succor to *Carthage*, infamy to me.

Met. To joyn in consort with a womans fears,
And beg a Consul to forsake his Post.
To please a VVoman, and to cure her frights,
VVould not suit well with a Proconsuls voice:
Yet Consul for my Daughter this I'll say,
Her fears are all for you. She has no sence
Of her own dangers. I have seen her oft
In bloody Fields gaze on your Victories
With the same unconcern she'd see a Masque.
Yet I must counsel you to what she prays,
That you would let some frowning hours go by.
I do not second her, let her fear on,
It suits her Sex, and is a proof of Love,
I plead for one more excellent than she,
I mean Religion. I beseech you Sir,
Give her those rights which are her due by Law,
You know our Laws give her the casting Voice,
In all our Councils both of Peace and War,
No *Roman* dares start a great Enterprize
Till she has given the sign, and she has mark'd
This day for bad, by many a black Portent,
And charg'd you not to interfere with it,
Lest it should drop some horrors on your head;
As this learn'd Augur better can inform.

Aug. 'Tis true, Sir, all the flights of birds to day,
And all the entrails o' the victim'd Beasts
Threaten much ill.

Reg. In reverence
To our own Laws, Augur, I reverence you.
You are our Scout to discern coming ills,
Our Spy on Heaven, and I'll be rul'd by you
When I am not otherwise advis'd by reason,
Which I think soars higher than birds can do,
And can discover more of Heaven's will.

[*A Noise of a Storm.*]

Lep. Ha! all the Heavens are troubled once again.

Reg. Let 'em be troubled.

Lep. And it thunders loud. [*Thunder.*]

Reg. Well, let it thunder.

Met. Would you take advice.

Reg. Of Thunder? 'tis no Counsellor o' mine.

[*The Ghost of* Apamia *rises.*]

Lep. Oh! Sir! I see another Counsellor.
Look there, in yon dark cave, so dark the night
Seems to skulk there in day to rob the day,
Apamia stands.

Reg. Let her ſtand there, I ſee her.
Ful. What d'ye ſee?
Reg. Nothing, Love, you frighten *Fulvia*.
Ful. I heard you name the dead *Aparia*,
What ſhould make her leave Heaven, but for you?
She has ſome knowledge you are haſting to her,
And ruſhes through the bars of death to meet you.
But I've more right to you, than ſhe has now,
Her death has cancell'd all your bonds to her.
But thoſe you made to me are new and firm,
I'll keep my right, I will not let you go.
Reg. Muſt I give ſuch a fatal proof of Love,
To leap from Honor into wanton Eaſe,
And be no more a Conſul? well I'll do't.
Conſul and Shame ſuit not.
Now come my Dear, let us to private ſhades,
For darkneſs and diſhonor beſt agree.
My noble Friends eternally farewel,
For after this I muſt not ſhew my face.
I pray conceal what has befallen me;
Report you ſaw me like great *Romulus*
Aſſum'd to Heaven, is not this a Heaven? (*Pointing to* Fulvia.
'Tis like one, it reſembles *Fulvia*,
'Tis not that warlike Virgin I confeſs,
But 'tis her Image; and my Love is ſuch
To *Fulvia*'s Image I will ſacrifice
A *Roman* Conſul.
Ful. I will ſtrive no more
Since 'tis your pleaſure. Go; but I believe
After this fatal day we ſhall not meet,
Except in Fetters, or in Blood, or Death.
Met. Something within my heart divines the ſame.
Reg. Your fears are againſt reaſon, the Recruits
Come to the Enemy are few and heartleſs,
Diſpirited, and cowed by fear of us,
And if we baffle them *Carthage* is loſt;
At our next meeting Fortune ſhall be fetter'd,
And this ſhort parting ſhall be all the Death
Your fears have boded.
Ful. No, we will not part.
Reg. Yes, you muſt to the Fort, I to the Field.
Ful. I'll to the Field, ſo was I woo'd and won.
Your Battles were the Courtſhip of my Love.
And ſo will I return your glorious Love.
Nor Enemies, nor worlds ſhall part us long.

Stars

Stars ſhew your ſelves worthy to ſhine in Heaven
By guarding this great man, but if you muſt
Reſign him up to death, (I ſhake to think of it)
If among all the doors Nature has made
To let us into death, I can find one,
My Ghoſt within few hours ſhall be with his.
Met. Thou haſt well vow'd, daughter, perform thy vow.
Reg. Could we not meet elſewhere, there were enough
To make me ruſh on death, but our next meeting
Shall be attended with unequall'd Glory.
Ful. Nay we'll be great and bleſt befal what will
We will ſo dye, if Death muſt be our doom,
We'll triumph o're all ages in our Tomb. *Ex.*

ACT III.

SCENE *A Field.*

Enter Regulus, Metellus, Lepidus, Roman *Guard.*

Reg. THE *Spartan* General is a Souldier,
He manages with skill the advantages
I let him have.
Met. I do not think it ſafe
To give ſo great a man advantages.
Reg. The chief advantage I beſtow upon him
Is opportunity to periſh bravely.
He has Recruits indeed, but what are they?
African Slaves whoſe Lords I've often beat,
I bluſh to fight ſo baſe an Enemy.
Met. You would bluſh more ſhould you be beaten by them.
Lep. You let 'em have a Chance for Victory,
Which, Sir, you may deny 'em if you pleaſe.
Reg. Yes we may lodge our ſelves on yonder hill,
Like frighted Birds on Trees to keep from danger,
And be the mockery of the Enemy.
Which of you can endure the Shame an hour?
See he comes bravely on and tempts you all.
Who's not fir'd by that alluring ſight;
And finds not in his blood a luſt to fight? [*Ex.*

SCENE

SCENE Carthage, *an Alarum.*

Enter Aſdrubal, Hiarbas, Giſgon.

Giſ. Sir, we beſeech you, do not venture your ſelf.

Hiar. We beg you, Sir.

Giſ. What ſhould you venture for?

Aſd. You know for what, a Crown.

Giſ. Sir, you may have a Crown without venturing. Do not yonder men fight for you?

Aſd. If I do not fight, I ſhall have an inglorious Crown, I muſt fight for Glory.

Giſ. You may have Glory without fighting too. The great *Perſian* King has got much Glory by war, and never ſaw a fight in his Life.

Hiar. A great Prince, Sir, like a great Palace, will ring with the blows others give. Your Name will have a noble ſound, from all the blows which make many a Coxcomb ake, though you ne're ſtrike ſtroke.

Aſd. This is prate, I muſt not loſe mine Honor.

Giſ. Sir, if you will go, I beſeech you kill me. Your danger will put me in ſuch torment, I ſhall not be able to bear it. I would not follow you for all the world, and ſee an Arrow come near you.

Hiar. Sir, you are going to be a King, keep State. Do not let every paltry Sword be familiar with your Perſon.

Giſ. Sir, I, who am but a Gentleman, ſcorn as much to let a baſe Fellow fight with me, as eat with me. [*A Shout.*]

Enter an Officer.

Off. Good news, Sir, your Enemies are beaten. Lord *Hamilcar* is taken Priſoner.

Giſ. Huzza! well Sir, you are a glorious Prince. What Soldierſhip you have ſhown to day?

Aſd. Do you laugh at me? You would not let me diſcover Soldierſhip.

Giſ. We would not let you play the common Soldier, and run your ſelf into danger; but you ſhewed ſuch Generalſhip as I never ſaw, and I have ſeen many a General, and many a General in my time. They may talk of their *Reguluſes*, and their *Reguluſes*; Sir, if you ben't a better Soldier than *Regulus*, I'le hang for't.

Aſd. Oh! prithee!

Giſ. Come, Sir, I know Generalſhip when I ſee it. Now, Sir, the Crown is within your reach, ſend me to Sea; I'le do you Honor there, I'le keep you ſuch a Table ——

Hiar. Shall I humbly offer you my advice, Sir? Make all Perſons depend upon you. Cruſh them that will not. Advance them that will. But above all, favor thoſe upon whom you depend, that is to ſay, us Prieſts.

Aſd. Go,

Asd. Go, fetch my Lord *Hamilcar*. [*to an Officer.*] now he's mine. [*aside.*
His Daughter will be mine. I have hold of her
By a ſtrong tye, Affection to her Father,
I love her beauty, though herſelf I hate,
For the diſgrace and ſcorn ſh'as thrown on me.
If I can ever get her in my power,
She firſt ſhall pleaſe my Luſt, then my Revenge.

Enter Hamilcar *a Priſoner.*

So, ſo. here comes the noble Criminal.
Dear Countrymen you ſee the power of truth.
I charg'd this Lord with Treaſon againſt the State;
Great was his power and policy, but truth,
Greater than both, breaks out in ſpite of 'em.

Ham. Dear Countrymen, y're all out of your way;
And 'tis no wonder men in darkneſs rove,
What light have you in myſteries of State?
What buſineſs there? could you come by a light?
I pray who made you Privy Councellors?
The Senate never did. A *Roman* Tribune
Was i' my houſe to day; know you for what?
No, when you do, you'l be aſham'd o' this.

Asd. My Lord y're of a Noble Family;
But the more great you are, the greater bonds
Lie on you to be faithful to the Public,
From whence you have ſuch great advantages,
Truth is a Debt you owe the Commonwealth,
A man of Honor ought to pay his Debts.
I ſhould be glad you'd fairly diſcharge yours,
For my own ſake, that I might come off cheaply
Without the torment of tormenting you;
For I can pain no man, and ſcape my ſelf.

Hiar. Here's a ſweet Gentleman.

Giſ. A lovely creature.

Ham. My Lord you wrack me now, by ſhewing me
Such ſhameful baſeneſs in a Nobleman.

Asd. Is it poſſible? have you no tenderneſs
Nor for the Commonwealth, nor for your ſelf?
He'l force me to inflict thoſe torments on him,
Which I can never ſuffer tho he can.

Hiar. Was ever ſuch a noble ſoul, to have ſuch a concern for his Enemies?

Giſ. Oh! Countrymen! you'l have a delicate Magiſtrate!

Enter Batto.

Asd. Oh! here comes one I hope, can eaſe us all.
Batto you've had great dealings with this Lord,
And muſt know very much of his deſigns;

If

If you'd discover to us, what they are,
You'd greatly serve your Country and your self.

Bat. How? I turn Evidence when the trade comes to nothing? no such matter, I ne're like the trade when 'twas at best. Besides I have nothing to evidence. I could make a Story, but what should I make of the story? it may be a Rope for my self. A great man, if an unmanageable thing, I don't care to deal with him. Though he's down now, he may get up again, and knock my brains out. (*aside.*) An't please your Honor, I only dealt with his Lordship about money matters; if he had any treasonable designs, he had more wit than to tell me, he knew I abhorred them, and would discover them. Therefore I had a pretty good opinion of him, because he employ'd me. So I can say nothing against him, I'm sorry for it.

Asd. I must be forc'd to fly to violence,
Most unexpressibly against my nature.

Gis. Good Gentlemen!

Asd. Ha! what I wish! I see his Daughter come. [*aside.*

Enter Elisa, *and her Women.*

El. Oh! where's my Father? Oh! my Lord! my Lord!

Ham. Daughter, away! away! you ruine me.
I was not half undone before you came,
For you my better half was then secure.

El. I cou'd not hold from venturing my own life
To preserve yours.

Ham. Prethee what canst thou do
To preserve me that will not ruin me?
Wilt thou give up thy honour?

El. Heaven forbid!

Ham. That thou wilt do only by marrying him,
Since thou art promis'd to a Nobler Man.

El. I'll try to fool him into clemency.

Ham. Oh! he will not be fool'd.

El. Yes by a woman.

Asd. Madam, I hope y'are labring to preserve
Your Father, both from death and suffering.
I seek to do't; whose ruine he hath sought,
Can you prevail with him to own the truth?

El. My Lord, you know he's innocent, at least
You do not know of any guilt he has.

Asd. We do not know, what's needful to be known,
We know so much that I shall deserve death,
If I consent to smother all the rest.
Madam I have much tenderness for you.
Indeed I'm very unwilling to let fall
Your Fathers heavy doom in your soft ear,
Therefore I pray retire out of harms way.
Attend the Lady out.

El. Oh!

El. Oh! hold my Lord.
Can you destroy the Father of a Woman
Whom you once dearly lov'd? You swore you did.
Asd. To save the State, I cou'd destroy my self.
El. My Lord, the World knows well, you love a Woman
Above the Commonwealth, above your self.
And if you can be cruel to a Woman,
What must the Men expect when at your mercy?
They must all please your Lust, or be destroy'd.
For, oh! my Father did refuse me to you,
From thence arises all your Rage against him.
Asd. Madam! I am so far from private Piques,
Let any Man discover me a way
How publick Safety, and your Father's Life
May stand together, and with all my heart
I'll pardon him, what e're he did to me.
Nay more, I'll lay my Life under his Feet.
Ham. How good are you? for I'll ne're pardon you
The Mischiefs you ha' done the Commonwealth.
El. Oh! hold, my Lord! you will undo your self.
Asd. No Madam, no, this Provocation
Defends him from me; I'll forbear him now,
Because I will not shew private Revenge.
Hier. Oh! Gen'rous!
Gis. What a brave Spirit is here?
Bar. I have been much mistaken in this Lord.
El. There appears something very great in him. [*Aside.*
Had he been always thus, I shou'd have lov'd him.
Asd. Dear Fellow Citizens! I am accus'd
Of Cruelty, Revenge and Treachery,
I ought to clear my self of all these Vices
Before I enter on Authority.
Then how revengeful I am, pray observe.
My Lord *Hamilcar* has been long, and yet
Continues my most cruel Enemy.
I have consider'd, Sirs, and do believe
The Publick may be safe in honest hands,
Tho' my Lord lives, therefore I beg his Life.
Gis. Here is a noble temper.
Asd. More to engage you to bestow his Life,
I'll wrap my Life in his, and with your leave
I'll wed his beautiful and virtuous Daughter.
El. Ha! Are you thereabout? [*Aside.*
Ham. You ask the Peoples leave to wed my Daughter.
Sure I've most Title to dispose my Child.

I'll ne're give my consent, if she given hers,
May she be punish'd as she does deserve.
Asd. My Lord, my Lord; you shew so bad a heart,
The Publick is not safe while you'r alive.
Madam, once more, I beg you retire.
Attend the Lady hence.
El. Oh! hold, my Lord!
Asd. What wou'd you have me do?
El. I know not what.
Asd. You see your Father will not save himself.
But, Madam, you may save him if you please.
El. I must consent, or he will rack my Father. [*Aside.*
Well, Sir, I yield.
Asd. To be my Wife?
El. I do.
Asd. Then I am happy, and your Father safe.
Ham. Daughter, be gone I charge you.
El. And leave you to the Rack? [*Aside.*
Ham. You are a Rack.
Your shameful Falshood to the gallant *Spartan*
Tortures me more, than any Rack can do.
Whilst he's defending us, we betray him.
El. I'll to this Traytor give nothing o'mine [*Aside.*
Except this Dagger; this shall to his heart, [*Shews the Dagger.*
Even at the Altar.
Ham. Oh! 'twill be foul Play!
You'll stab your Honour and Integrity.
'Twere better both of us shou'd lose our Lives.
El. My Lord, I had much rather grieve your heart,
Than let Racks tear it out——I will proceed.
My Lord, I'm yours. [*To Asd.*
Asd. My Dear! [*Embraces her.*
Bar. There goes the Game.
Now I know where to make my Court. I'll get some fine Pendants for her.
I think I have gold Tweezers in my Pocket. [*Aside.*
Hair. Oh! Blessing on you, Madam; you make the Prince a happy Man.
Gif. Oh! pretty Creature! what sweet work will be here to night between 'em? I sha'nt sleep for thinking of it. Well, much good may do you both; in good Faith, and Troth, I wish it with all my heart.
Asd. Gifford, Will you assist this pleasant work?
Gif. Assist, Sir? Ay, Sir, with all my Soul.
What part shall I have in it, Sir?
Asd. Prepare
A Bridal Entertainment, and my Bed.
Gif. With all my heart. [*Shews Exit.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Sir, y'are undone! here's *Regulus* in Town.

Asd. Here's Villany,

Hier. What, is the Town deliver'd up to him?

Gen. No, Sir, he's taken Prisoner by the *Spartan* General, assisted by the *Roman* Tribune, who was at the Lord *Hannibal*'s house to day, and came thither for the great design they have now brought about. Now, Sir, your own Friends the common People join with your Enemies against you, and threaten to tear you i' pieces for abusing 'em.

Enter Xantippus *and the* Spartans, *they seize* Asdrubal, Hiarbas, Gisgon.

Xan. Secure 'em all, my Love—— [*Runs to* El.

El. My Lord! [*El. runs to* Xan.

Asd. Right Woman!

El. Oh! you are come in season, to preserve
My Honour, and my most dear Father's life.

Xan. I have heard all, I'm told Lord *Asdrubal*
You have prepar'd a Bridal Entertainment,
Pray will you lend it me.

Asd. With all my heart!
I'll ne're refuse my Enemy any thing,
May help him to a Wife, and a false Wife.

El. My Lord, I had prepar'd
A scurvy Bridal Entertainment for you.
'Twas this, my Lord—— [*Shews her Dagger.*

Asd. Madam, y'are not deceiv'd me.
You had deceiv'd me, if you had been faithful;
For from a Woman no Man looks for Faith. [*Aside.*

Asd. I fear I'm lost. [*Exit.*

Hier. I thought——

Ham. Can you read Books without a light?

Hier. No.

Ham. Yet you'd read our Councels i'th' dark;
And know without doors, what we do within.
To Prison with the Priest, and *Gisgon* too.

Gis. I'm a dead Coxcomb! I'm troubled for my honourable Family. [*Ex.*

Bat. I wish your Honour Joy with all my heart, [*To* Ham.
And your Excellence, and your Ladyship. I am so glad o' this turn.

Ham. Why? what shall you get by't?

Bat. The satisfaction to see honest Gentlemen in power, and Knaves punish'd.

Ham. Well said; you shall get something by this turn.
I'll give you a Lift.

Bat. I humbly thank your Honour,
You were always my good Friend.

Ham. I'll help you to a hanging.

Bat. To a hanging?

Ham. Yes, yo've traffiqu'd with the *Romans*,
And sold 'em Arms. [*Ex.*

Bat. Oh! I'm hang'd, I'm hang'd! [*To the People.*

Ham. Now, Sirs, I hope you will learn modesty.
And no more censure things above your reach.
We do not know the mysteries of your Trades,
Because we never were instructed in 'em.
Pray, who taught you the mysteries o' State?
What strange conceits Men have of governing?
Men must serve Years to know a Handicraft;
Yet all pretend to skill in Government,
By natural light and instinct, as Birds build.
Men will pretend to't who want common Sense,
Yet are not laugh'd at neither; every Man
Willingly lets the Frolick go about,
So he has leave to take it in his turn. [*Ex. Rabble.*
Now my brave Friend—— [*To Xan.*

Xan. My Lord, you'll lose your words.
I can hear nothing but *Elisa*'s voice.

El. My Joy's too great for words.

Xan. And mine for thoughts.

El. Alas! what makes me weep?

Ham. Excess of Joy.
Which I am pleas'd to see——Well, General,
Where left you *Regulus*?

Xan. I know not where.
I saw *Elisa*, and Joy hurried me
Out o' my Wits I think to meet her Arms.

Ham. Oh! now I see him in yon gaping Throng.
Well, I'll conduct him to the Senate House.

Xan. Do what you please, but do not trouble Love.
Oh! it is now a busie time with me;
And in the sweetest best affair in Love.
For Heavens sake release me now to love.

Ham. I will, I will; then go together, &c.

Xan. My Dear!

El. My Heart.

Xan. My Soul, more than my Soul. [*Ex. Xan. El. embracing.*

Enter Regulus, *as a Prisoner, guarded; followed by the Rabble.*

Ham. Here comes the glorious, tho' unhappy Man;
Most noble Consul.

Reg. Do you mock me, Sir?

Ham. The Gods forbid.

Reg. I am Consul now no more.

Ham.

Ham. You may be, Sir, you have at your disposs
The destinies of *Carthage*, and of *Rome*.
Shall I attend you to the Senate-house?
Reg. Whither you please, to death if you think good.
Ham. With how much greatness he o're-looks his Fate! [*Ex. Omn.*

SCENE *the* Roman *Camp.*

Enter Metellus, Lepidus.

Met. The Consul's lost! dreadful reverse o' Fate!
It overturns my Reason, makes me doubt
If Vertue ought to have regard from Men,
Since it has none from Heaven.
Lep. What will become
Of his poor Children he has left at *Rome*,
And your fair Daughter here?
Met. I dare not think.
Lep. I have charg'd all to hide the News from her.
Met. Oh! she will quickly find it in our Looks,
And universal Consternation.
Oh! Gods! how will her Sorrows pierce my heart?
But those of *Rome* will give me deeper wounds.
Lep. See, Sir, your Daughter comes; retire with speed,
Or your confusion will discover all.
Met. Too late! but if I can, I'll rule my self. [*Lep. goes off weeping.*

Enter Fulvia *and her Women.*

Ful. Oh! Sir! what means this terror in your Camp?
Some unseen mischief, like a Pestilence
Strikes your Men pale and mute; their only Proofs
Of breath are Sighs, but words I can have none.
Oh! something with the Consul is amiss.
Where is he, Sir?
Met. Do not retard me now.
Ful. Oh! do you shun me too? he's kill'd! he's kill'd!
Met. He lives, let that suffice.
Ful. Then why de'e shake,
And look so sad? Oh! he is near his death.
Wounded to death.
Met. Not so, he is in health.
Ful. Oh! let me see him then.
Met. In fitting time.
But *Rome* must be serv'd first, in her Affairs
He's now engag'd.; longer I cannot stay,
Follow me not, nor be inquisitive.
Ful. Stay, Sir, I humbly beg.
Met. What would'st thou say?

Be

Be quick, for I've much business to dispatch.

Ful. Sir, I fought near the Consul as I could,
But crowds of Enemies, and clouds of dust
Soon took him from my sight, and since that time
I've heard no news of him. All is not well.
You hide some dreadful Secret in your Breast,
Because y'are fearful it should do me harm.
You would have all the Sorrows to your self.
I thank you for your generous tender Love.
But am I worthy of his Love and yours,
If I'm no more than other Women are?
If ill has hapned to the Man I love,
I'll grieve, but shew my grief some noble way.
I'll not be pitied for my womanish tears,
But do some glorious thing in his revenge,
Shall make us all be envied.

Met. Nobly spoke!—
I'll trust thy courage——know he is surpris'd,
And led to Town a Captive.

Ful. Horror! horror!

Met. Is this your promis'd bravery?

Ful. Did I say
I won'd not grieve? yes, Sir, I ought to grieve;
But every tear I shed, and pang I feel,
I'll put to the account of curs'd *Carthage*.
Now I consider I will spare my tears;
This mercenary Town much prizes Gold,
For this we need but make our treasure weep.

Met. No, I'm afraid they'll prize him above Gold,
But shortly we will free him with our Swords.
Though by strange Fate he's fallen into their hands;
We have not with the Consul lost the day.
No, their great purchase they have dearly bought,
Some hundreds of brave *Spartans* are cut off.
I do not find our Army much impair'd.
And shortly we expect two Legions more.
The Wind is fair, I'll see if they be come.

[Ex.

Ful. So now my sinking heart is rais'd again.
Yet the brave Captive shall enslave the Town;
We're have a Conqueror's, I a Bridal Crown.
And we'll make burning *Carthage* when we wed,
Our Nuptial Flame, and light us both to bed.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE Carthage. *A Room in* Hamilcars *House.*

Enter Xantippus *and* Elisa.

Xan. DArling of Heaven, tis to you, to you
Carthage owes all the Fortune of this day.
The Gods wou'd ne're ha' suffer'd *Regulus*,
To preserve *Carthage* had not you been here.
Eli. If Heaven loves me it is for loving you?
Oh! fie! I shew my self too fond, I spoil you.
With how much cruelty you tore your self
Away from me, when I was all in tears
I shed for you? yet you cou'd laugh at me;
I'll manage Love as all wise women do.
The best and finest shall not come abroad,
But on great solemn times to make a shew;
Mean while you shall have course and homespun love
I swear I will not give you a good look.
This——
Xan. This—how long? come say it if you dare.
Eli. I will not say how long because I'll cross you.
Han. You will not say't left you should cross your self.
Eli. Well 'tis in vain to hide my love from you.
It is too great for any covering;
I'll trust thee generously with my heart.
Xan. Now thou appear'st in thy own beauteous form
All kind and sweet; I knew 'twou'd soon be so,
For Nature always is too hard for Art.
Do not believe my heart barren of Love,
If thou perceiv'st in me a dearth of words,
That I abound not in professions.
We *Spartans* weed from talk superfluous words,
Let time declare how I will use my heart.
Eli. I doubt this pleasure is too great to last.
A shout within. *Enter a Gentleman.*
Xan. How now? what new disturbance in the Town?
Gen. My Lord your glorious Captive *Regulus*

Is sent in Fetters to the Dungeon,
And the rude Rabble triumph over him.

Xan. How came this Climate, Love, to produce you?
Since 'tis as opposite to Excellence,
As others are to Poyson; I confess
Valour and Wit here is, those noble Fires
Your damps of Luxury have not yet choak'd.
But as they're us'd 'twere to be wish'd they had.
Wit here is all imploy'd in knavish Craft;
The valiant glory in oppression.
Give speedy orders to the Guard from me,
The Consul to the Senate be return'd,
I'll hasten thither, and if possible
Prevail with 'em better to treat themselves;
If not he's mine, and I will force him from 'em.

El. Just as I thought you must be gone again,
'Tis a sad thing to be a Soldiers wife,
One has but half a Husband of a Soldier.
Wars and Campaigns have half of him and more
And Wounds have a large share of t'other half:
And yet this noble parcel of a man,
Is better than a wanton soft Gallant
Who is no man, but makes Summer Campaigns
In Gardens, Groves, at Springs, or Bowling-greens,
Or with a Whore, as much a man as he.
But go I'm pleas'd thou shou'dst do gallant things,
Because in all thy glory I have share.

Xan. That's like a *Spartan* wife, for she prefers
Her Husbands honour far above his life;
Weeps if his Buckler lost, though he be safe.
But she rejoyces though he be brought home
Dead on his Buckler; and the greater Love
She had for him; the greater is her joy.

El. Now I believe that joy is not sincere,
Widows I find are artful every where:
In *Sparta* for their poor departed Dears
Joy they Dissemble, and in *Carthage* tears. *Exit.*

SCENE *The Senate House. The Senate sitting.* Hamulcar *in the Chair.*

Ham. I knew the General wou'd be displeas'd

1. *Sen.* What if he be, my Lord? do our decrees
Depend upon his will? when he subdu'd
This *Roman* Consul, did he conquer us?

Though

thought he fought to guard, not seize our freedom.
Ham. That we have freedom we may thank his Sword;
But no man can have freedom, to do ought
Which honour and humanity forbids.
1. *Sen.* He and his *Spartan* Friend are dangerous men,
And the more dangerous for their deserts;
We must let no man grow too great for us. (*aside to a Senator.*
2. *Sen.* 'Tis true; but now let us not shew our selves.

Enter an Officer.

Off. My Lords, the General's here.
Ham. Attend him in. [*Enter* Xantippus.
Xan. My Lords, I'm told y'ave doom'd the bravest man
To what the vilest scarcely can deserve,
To Chains, a Dungeon, stench, and want o' bread.
Ham. My Lord, 'tis true the Senate has decreed
The *Roman* Consul shall be treated roughly
Unless he will comply with their desires.
I hope the Senate only threaten him.
2. *Sen.* No more I hope, most noble General
We much commend your generous tenderness
Of this fallen gallant man; we'd pity him too
Wou'd he shew pity to our Countrymen,
And grant us peace, which you know how we need,
But he refuses us all our desires.
Xan. Bring him to me. [Regulus *is brought in fetter'd.*
Hes chain'd! tormenting sight!
I beg you noble Consul credit me,
Those Chains are no impieties o' mine;
Rather my sufferings and impos'd on me.
Reg. Sir, I believe you, for I've found you brave.
Xan. What is it you desire of this great man?
1. *Sen.* That he and all his Troops quit *Africa.*
Yield every Town and Pris'ner he has got.
Reg. I will not give you the least Village back.
And this I speak from reason, not vain pride.
Our power is dwarfish here compar'd with yours,
Yet now we have you down, blow upon blow
May bring you in short time to your last gasp.
But if we give you the least breathing while
To gather strength, you'l rise and drive us hence:
Nay we shall see you at the Gates of *Rome.*
Rather than I will give you back one Fort,
I will pull all the Towers on my head.
1. *Sen.* Hast to the Dungeon, nay the wrack with him,
We'll frighten bold invaders from our Coast.
Xan. The Dungeon? stead o' that strike off his Chains.

He is my right, the purchase of my blood,
And I'll dispose my own.
1. Sen. So we are master'd
In our own Senate-house.
Xan. And with good reason.
I do not find that you can rule your selves,
And therefore I have brought a force to rule you.
Govern your selves, and we will be your Servants.
2. Sen. How General?
Are you our Enemy?
Xan. I am your Friend.
And hinder you from Crimes, may bring on you
Curses from men, and vengeance from the Gods.
2. Sen. You hinder us from honourable peace?
Xan. Can shameful ways get honourable Peace.
1. Sen. There is no shame in justice, he brought war
Into the bowels of the Common-wealth,
Hunger shall war upon his Bowels now,
Go to the Dungeon with him, and there starve him.
2. Sen. Senator, let the General play the fool. *(aside.*
We owe him much, and this will quit all Scores.
Ham. I'll mediate, let the Consul be confin'd,
And let it be reported he's ill us'd,
He has weak parts, which may that way be bent;
Children, Relations, Friends; and one soft part,
His belov'd *Fulvia.*
Xan. Ha! that startles him.
Reg. Fulvia, was made that I might feel some pain,
I wish I could forget, and be forgot
By her I love; I fear this Policy. *aside.*
Xan. My Lord, y'ave found a way to touch his heart,
Which with the Senates leave I will improve.
Sir, can your Camp make peace?
Reg. Yes Sir, they can.
Xan. Sir, I'm a Servant to this Common-wealth,
Her Faults and Passions I'm not bound to serve;
I am her Rights and Interests to promote;
I think 'tis fit she shou'd regain her own.
And I've one way to force peace out of you.
Sir, by that right we have in you by war
We will employ you as our Embassador
To your own Camp, there to negotiate
With your Friends Tears. You smile, for you believe
I fool my self, and give you all you want
To fortify your glorious Victories,
By strengthning that weak side; but I believe
You'll not be there the *Regulus* y'are here.

Your

Your mutual griefs will master all of you.
Reg. You shew more art, and understanding Sir,
Of a great mind, than all the Senate does.
I shall but harden more under their usage;
None but vile Slaves are mastered by a Rod,
But I believe the sorrows of my Friends
Will melt my heart, and I shall yield a while.
T'entice me into a dangerous Ambuscade,
The only place where I can be subdu'd.
But I shall o'recome and win more glory,
Therefore accept the Embassy with thanks.
Xan. What say your Lordships?
Senate. Ay, ay, ay.
Xan. Consul, you have the leave of all the Senate,
Now go, and if you can perswade your Friends
To give you up to Death.
1. *Sen.* Hold e're you go,
Give us good hostages for your return.
Xan. I'll be a hostage for him.
Ham. So will I.
1. *Sen.* You are both priviledg'd by your deserts
We cannot touch you, we'll have other persons.
2. *Sen.* Come we'll oblige the Consul to befriend us,
We'll take his word.
1. *Sen.* No, we will have his Oath.
Reg. You have my solemn Oath.
Xan. 'Tis more than needs
Great men, were there no Gods, would keep their words
In reverence to themselves; but Gods there are,
Whom none needs rouse by Oaths to witness Truth.
Now let me tell you, (if I can for grief
For I much honour you) if you return
Without a lasting Peace, which frees these Lands
From all those seeds of War, your Garrisons,
You will return to a tormenting Death,
And all my power cannot save you, Sir.
Reg. Of all the torments I shall suffer here,
The Griefs of such a noble Heart as yours
Will most afflict me; if you wou'd spare me,
Be sparing of your self, pity me not,
Till I'm become a pitiful poor wretch,
Despoil'd of all my resolution,
And made indeed a Captive by base fear.
Xan. The good Gods graciously direct you, Sir.
Reg. And you most noble *Spartan*, of all men
I e're encounter'd, the most generous,

SCENE *A Prison.*

Enter Asdrubal, Hiarbas, Giscon, Batto.

Bat. Oh! I'm afraid our head's loſt, oh! if they take my head, what ſhall I do.

Hiar. The Rabble are fine fellows to truſt to.

Gis. Well I can ſay for my honour, I ever hated the vulgar. I have undone thouſands of 'em, and I never did one of 'em good in my life.

Bat. Nor I.

Gis. Sir you have had the impudence to cheat Perſons o' Quality. If you had only cheated poor fellows, you ſhou'd have had a friend o' me.

Asd. My ruine wou'd be great delight to me,
If by my fall *Carthage* were overwhelm'd.

Hiar. That it may be ſpite o' this great ſucceſs.
Though *Regulus* is taken *Rome* is not.

Gis. I'll tell your Highneſs very excellent news,
The *Romans* burnt this day in our own Ports,
Above threeſcore of our beſt men of war. ha! ha!

Asd. Ha! art thou ſure of that?

Gis. I'm very ſure. *(All laugh)*
The *Romans* now may land what men they will,
If they don't take the Town I gad I'll hang.

Bat. But will they take the Town before we hang?

Gis. That I can't ſay.

Bat. Nay if we hang, let who will have the Town. Well, I am horridly afraid to dye. I'd go to Prayers if I thought t'wou'd ſignify any thing.

Gis. Whom wou'dſt thou pray to? thou haſt no Friends in Heaven, thou never mad'ſt the leaſt acquaintance there: thou haſt traded to all parts but Heaven.

Bat. I doubt none of us have any great ſtore of Friends in Heaven; if we had, they'd ne're ha' ſuffer'd us to come to this.

Asd. Right, therefore Heaven has no great Friend o' me.
Ha! I'm a fool to open thus my heart
To fools; who though they ſhould have honeſty
May be outwitted into knavery.
But now it is in vain to look my heart,
For all the dangerous ſecrets are gone out. *(aſide.*
——Well, Sirs, what do you think? are we in danger?
I do not think we are; what have we done?
Much have we talk'd indeed, in merriment,
About I know not what, of this and that,
Of altering ſome Forms of Government.
But that was only matter of diſcourſe,
We could not be in earneſt, for we know
'Twas wholly impracticable.

Gis. Do

Gif. Do you hear. (*aside to* Hiar.

Hiar. That ſhall not bring him off, he was in earneſt.

Gif. Were not you ſo?

Hiar. No, I abhor the thought.

Gif. you mov'd him to't.

Hiar. A trick to try him.

Gif. Pox o' your tricks, you have nots'd me,
To ſave my neck I have been forc'd to make
Shameful Confeſſions.

Hiar. Well, y'are ſerv'd right, why wou'd you be a knave?
And plot to take your Countries liberty.

Gif. A knave? how cou'd I chuſe but be a knave,
Keeping ſuch knaviſh company as yours.

Hiar. 'Tis very well.

Aſd. Ha! wrangling Gentlemen?
What, I believe y'are diſcompos'd by fear?
Fear nothing, for I ſay, what have we done?
Shew'd our Affection to the Commonwealth
In a miſtaken way? will they put men
To death, for being ſubject to miſtakes?
Then it will be a fault to be a man.
But do not fear, for I have one ſure Friend,
Money I mean, which ſhall buy all our pardons?

Bat. Oh! dear, Sir, will your Highneſs buy my pardon?

Aſd. Thing? what art thou to me? theſe are my Friends
And Gentlemen: thou art a barterer
Canſt traffique for thy ſelf, buy thy own head.

Bat. And ſo I wou'd at reaſonable rates.

Gif. De'e hear? de'e hear? we have been ſilly knaves,
I wou'd I had all my confeſſion back. (*aſide.*

Hiar. W'ave been too haſty, I am ſorry for it. (*aſide.*

Aſd. I muſt keep up the ſpirits of theſe fools. (*aſide.*
Be merry Sirs; I warrant you your lives.
Who's there? (*Enter Keeper.*

Keep. My Lord.

Aſd. Bring in my Wine and Muſic.

Enter Wine and Singers.

Here is ſincere Wine.

Gif. And here are ſophiſticated Knaves, pity they ſhould be put together.

Aſd. Come, ſing us a Catch.

A SONG.

Chorus.

Down with your sprightly Wine, boys,
Down with your sprightly Wine, boys,
For a Traveller bound,
To the Stygian Lake,
A Brimmer Crown'd
With sparkling Sack,
Is the best, is the best Divine, boys.

I.

If the Wine be not found,
No Falsehood is found
In a Bowl well crown'd;
And it drowns all our Sorrow and Sins
And by the help of a Bowl,
From the World we may rowl,
More merrily than we came in.

II.

With his Flames and his Flams,
And his horrible Shams,
How the Church-man damns
The little poor Villains and Whores;
But the great who by Power,
Whole Nations devour,
He merrily crowns and adorns.

III.

If your Sente you'll resign,
Give it up to good Wine,
But to no Divine,
For his Visions are frightful and sad;
But the Visions in Bowls,
Make jovials Souls,
More merrily, merrily mad.

IV.

To what Regious we fly,
None know when they die,
Any more than I,
To be certain of heavenly Bliss;
The few Moments I stay,
I by Night and by Day,
Will merrily revel and kiss.

Down with your sprightly Wine boys &c.

Enough, be gone.
Asd. I wonder *Gisgon* your fine *Persian* Wife
Comes not to visit you.
Gis. I wonder more
She does not come to kiss your Highness Hands.
For she has brought with her from *Persia*
Her Country Adoration of all Princes.
Lady within. Where's my Husband?
Gis. Hark! I hear her voice.
Enter a Persian *Lady supported by her Women.*
Lad. Oh! Princely Sir, I humbly kiss the Earth
Y'are pleas'd to honour, with your sacred Feet.
Asd. Oh! Madam, you are not in *Persia.*
Lady. No Sir, I wou'd you were, your Royal Blood
Wou'd not there meet this profanation.
Now Sir, shall I implore your Princely leave
To have some Conference with your Slave my Husband?
Oh! are you there Sir.

Gif. Ha! I am afraid
She has been told I'm turning an informer. (*aside.*
Lady. You are a worthy person.
Gif. Ha! 'tis so. (*aside.*
Lady. Did not I bring much Honour to your Bed?
Gif. Madam you did.
Lady. Much Fortune too?
Gif. You did.
Lady. Have not I kept the Honour which I brought?
Gif. Madam you have.
Lady. Have not I manag'd too
Your Fortune with the utmost care and wisdom?
Gif. Exquisite Wisdom.
Lady. Of your person too
Have I not been most tender?
Gif. Most obliging:
Lady. Then why have you been a base man to me?
Gif. 'Tis so, (*aside*) in what respect most noble Madam?
Lady. In such an odious way I loath to name it.
This Valiant Gentleman, this Noble Spark,
Has sold his Honour, for vile shameful life.
He has submitted cowardly to confess
Your Highness plotted to be Monarch here.
Asd. Oh! dog! can I not get him near the wall,
That I may brain him? (*aside*) have you done this *Gisgen*?
Gif. Yes, Sir, I have, and Sir you know 'tis true.
Lady. Say it be true; have you not told me, Sir, he has a right to reign?
that he's descended from King *Strato*.
Gif. Well, let him be descended from fifty Kings, I don't care. I'll not
be a slave to him, nor to any Prince upon earth.
Asd. Oh! Madam, it was all but raillery.
And he was one that started first the jest;
Now by his fooling I lose life and honour.
Lady. His fooling, Sir? his cowardly treachery.
What e're you were, he was in earnest Sir.
He has a thousand times boasted to me,
What Honours he shou'd have, when you were King.
Then, though your Highness be most innocent,
And will escape (I hope and beg the Gods)
He shall dye; I'll swear he is a Traytor,
Double, false, both to the Prince and People. (*aside.*
Gif. Oh! Whore!
Lady. So is that Reverend person too.
Asd. And has the Priest been dabbling.
Lady. Deeply Sir.
He has been at his Revelations;
His Commentaries, Sir, on your dark Text.
Asd. I'll take him by the beard, and wring his head off.

Hi. Well

Hiar. Well, Sir, I did as I was bound in conſcience.
I'll not betray my Countries Liberty.
Aſd. No—then thou't not a Prieſt.
Lady. Ah! fooliſh men, they might have liv'd and dy'd
With glory, and have got a thouſand Friends.
Hia. They'd ha' done us much good when we were hang'd.
Lady. More good than infamous baſe life will do.
Now all will ſpit upon you. I abhor you,
Who lately ador'd you, and reſolv'd to do
The greateſt things for you.
Gif. What cou'd you do?
Bat. Oh! Madam can you do us any kindneſs?
Oh! if you can I will preſent your Honour,
I will give any thing for my head in reaſon.
Lady. Hold thy tongue fool, I think not of ſuch fellows.
But for my Husband and his Reverence too,
I wou'd have done what had amaz'd the world,
If they had done as great men ought to do.
I'd have convey'd 'em through the Town in pomp,
In ſpite of all the Senate.
Gif. Through the Town?
Lady. Yes when your glorious Martrydom was paſt,
I wou'd ha' crown'd you ſuch Funerals——
Gif. Pox o' your Funerals.
Hiar. Mind your own Funerals;
Vex not your head with ours.
Aſd. Oh! Madam bury 'em dead or alive,
Or the corrupted Rogues will breed a peſt.
Lady. I cannot ſerve his Reverence as I wou'd
And he deſerves; but it is in my power
To do my Husband juſtice, I'll right him.
Gif. She'l be the death of me. (*Aſide.*
I muſt retard her while I get my Pardon.
I have conſider'd on't—I would retract
My confeſſion, and rather dye than live
In all the ſhame I've brought upon my ſelf,
But I'm afraid they'l torture me to death.
Lady. Oh! I've ſo much Power with the great men.
Be you a noble valiant Gentleman
One I may own and love. Dye like a Hero
For this great high-born Prince, I'll undertake
The State ſhall not torment a man I love.
Gif. She is a whore to the whole Commonwealth.
Lady. I'll get you any kind of death you fancy.
And for his Reverence too, if he deſire it.

Hiar. I do not fancy any kind of death.
If you do Madam take your fill of it.
Poyſon or hang your ſelf, and if you like it
Come tell us ſo, and Madam we'll be hang'd.
Lady. 'Tis well—great Sir, I humbly take my leave
With infinite concernment for your danger.
I wou'd ha' ſacrificed my Husband for you,
With all my heart.
Aſd. I do believe it Madam.
Lady. Or my own life.
Aſd. You much oblige me, Madam.
Lady. I take my leave in great confuſion.
Giſ. She'd have ſacrific'd me.
Hiar. Theſe women tamper here with State affairs,
And hang their Husbands, I'll be hang'd by no body.
I'm Heavenly mettal and belong to Gods,
And I will keep their Plate from battery.
Troth *Batto*, I have done your buſineſs too
I've let the Councel know your villany.
Not only trade with *Romans*, but conſpire
To ſet a King over the Commonwealth,
And take away our Liberties and Laws?
Bat. Oh! horrible! did you not move me to't?
Hiar. Only to try you; I had heard of you.
I'm watchman for the Public; 'tis my Office
To have my Eye and Ear in every place,
And knock at every door. When I mov'd you,
I knock'd, and found a Knave within your boſom.
Bat. And ſo you'd hang me?
Hiar. I've endeavour'd it.
Bat. Well, and I've endeavour'd to hang you.
I've let the Councel know your Villany.
Hiar. Ha! have you ſo? Well ſee who ſhall have moſt credit.
Giſ. Nay none of us I think will have much credit.
Aſd. So, ſo, the Rogues are hanging one another.
If ever a turn comes, I'll hang you all.
Hiar. Let a turn come; I fear not you or death,
For death will only change my vehicle.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. My Lord, here are ſome Senators from the Senate,
To ſpeak with your Highneſs
Aſd. To take my head; I'm loſt. Wait on 'em in

Enter Senators.

1. *Sen.* My Lord, the Senate ſends to beg your Highneſs
To be Protector o' the Commonwealth.
Aſd. Protector, Sir?

1. *Sen.* The

1. *Sen.* The *Spartan* General
Uſurps upon the State, he forc'd the Senate
To releaſe *Regulus* on his Parole.
The Common People think they are betray'd,
And have requir'd the Senate to free you,
And give you power, that you may puniſh him.
Aſd. Sir, I'm unfit for Power, theſe Gentlemen
Have accus'd me of very horrid Treaſons.
2. *Sen.* They'r not believ'd but look'd on as defamers;
And order'd to be kept in cloſe confinement.
Giſ. Oh! brave! oh! brave!
Hiar. Oh! curſe on evidencing!
Aſd. Now Raſcals!—Keeper, put theſe men in fetters.
Now Noble Senators, I'll wait on you,
To my moſt honourable Lords the Senate. (*Exe.*

SCENE *the* Roman *Camp.*

Enter on one ſide o' the Stage Metellus, Lepidus, *and other* Roman *Commanders, on the other ſide* Regulus.

Met. Oh! Conſul!
Reg. Brave *Metellus*! brave friends all!
De'e weep? nay then it ſeems you are ſubdued.
Met. Who ever ſaw ſuch an amazing change?
Reg. Does it amaze you to ſee fortune change?
The wonder wou'd be greater ſhou'd ſhe fix.
She takes my freedom to maintain her own.
Remove your Eye from fortune my dark part,
And fix it on my ſelf, who ſtill remain
Not only unconquer'd, but invincible.
Yet o're victorious *Carthage* I'll triumph.
Met. Oh! Sir! then have you terms for liberty?
Reg. My liberty depends not on their will,
'Tis true, the freedom of my body does.
But that is born a ſlave, by nature bound
To ſerve the mind, a time prefixt by fate
And then turn'd over to new bonds in death.
Of this poor vaſſal I take little care.
How free my mind is, you ſhall ſoon perceive.
Met. I tremble for him.
Reg. Carthage to releaſe
This Body, (which can never be releas'd
From vaſſallage to ſufferings, and death)
Asks the refunding all our Victories.
Lep. Agreed! one *Regulus* is worth 'em all.
For he'll regain 'em all.

Reg. You ſhall not give
The ſmalleſt link out o' that golden Chain.
It ſetters *Carthage* now, but if once broke
Carthage may ſcape, ariſe, nay enſlave *Rome*.
I come to rule your dangerous love to me,
Which I fear more than *Carthaginian* Racks;
For theſe can give me but ſome painful hours
Which glory will allay, and death will end.
But you wou'd torture me with lingring ſhame,
Got by a treacherous and cowardly peace.
Then as your Conſul, I command you all,
Give *Carthage* no more peace, than this ſhort truce.
Met. And what becomes o' you?
Reg. I muſt return.
Man. Oh! joyful news. (*Aſide.*
Lep. Sir, you return to dye.
Reg. It may be ſo.
Lep. To a tormenting death.
Reg. It may be ſo, my word and oath are paſt,
And nothing do I fear, like breach o' faith.
Met. A glorious man. (*Aſide.*
Lep. Will you forſake your friends,
To periſh by your barb'rous enemies?
Reg. I do not periſh, if my honour lives;
But if I ſtay ſhall not my body dye?
Then ſhall I loſe the honour I can keep,
To preſerve life, which is not i' my power?
By keeping faith, o're *Carthage* I triumph,
A *Roman* Ghoſt will triumph over her.
Not by ſhort pomp which blazes but ſome hours;
My triumph ſhall go on, from age to age,
While *Rome* ſhall ſtand, which ſhall the longer ſtand
For my example of unſhaken Faith,
For what Foundation to a State like Faith?
Met. Sir, I'm the leſs amaz'd at what I hear,
For all your life has been with wonders fill'd:
But I have not ſo great a heart as yours
I cannot let you go.
Lep. He ſhall not go;
I will bring all the Army to his feet.
Reg. Is't poſſible? I do command you ſtay.
Perform your duties both to *Rome* and me,
Let *Rome* have *Carthage*, and leave me to Heaven.
Metellus why de'e wrong your ſelf and me?
Your Spirit equals mine, and for the World,
You wou'd not have me leave this glorious path.
Like *Romans* now receive my laſt adieus.

Lep. He

Lep. He ſhall not go, his Troops ſhall ſtop his way. (*Aſide.*
Now take your leaves. [*Ex.* Lep. Man. *Commanders.*

Met. Oh! Sir! what you reſolve
Has ſo much glory in't, *I* envy you.
But *I* muſt pity thoſe, whom you forſake,
My ſelf, your Children, my poor *Fulvia.*

Reg. Metellus be aſſur'd, thoſe you have nam'd,
Are dear to me, as they can be to you,
But Generals muſt diſcipline their thoughts.
The honor of the Gods and good of *Rome*
Muſt firſt command; next them *I* rank my friends,
Theſe have o're me ſo great authority
I'm jealous o' my weakneſs, and their power;
And dare not truſt my ſelf with ſeeing 'em.
I'll ne're ſee *Fulvia* more.

Met. Not ſee her, Sir?

Reg. Oh! no, an enterview will raiſe our griefs
To ſuch a tumult, 'twill not become me
To be ſeen in it. I'll ſerenely part,
And ſo retain my greatneſs to the laſt;
And this may leſs harm her.

Met. Oh! Sir, ſhe comes.

Reg. Then *I* muſt fly, *I* cannot ſtay with her. (*Ex.*

Enter Fulvia *and her women.*

Ful. The Conſul! Sir, the Conſul! where is he?
A minutes abſence more *I* cannot bear.

Met. Oh! my unruly griefs will betray all. (*Aſide.*

Ful. You ſigh, nay more you ſtrive to ſmother tears.

Met. No you miſtake.

Ful. I do not, Sir, *I* ſee't.

Met. Your fears impoſe on you.

Ful. Convince me of it,
And let me ſee the Conſul.

Met. Wait awhile.

Ful. I periſh then.

Met. Y'are raſh, command your ſelf.

Ful. I cannot do it.

Met. You muſt, he's buſied now in a great work,
The greateſt that was e're deſign'd by Man.

Ful. Oh! what? and where?

Met. Be not inquiſitive.

Fulv. Oh! why Sir, why? ſhall I not have a ſhare
In all his Fortunes?

Met. Ay, too much poor Girl. (*aſide.*
Let it ſuffice to know, his aims are now
Above what mortal Man ever attain'd.
And he will reach his aims now, ſeek no more. (*Exit*) *Ful.*

Ful. I muſt, I muſt enquire, I cannot reſt;
This is all darkneſs and confuſion.

Enter Lepidus.

Lep. Oh! Madam! Madam! ſave the Conſul's Life.
Ful. Now the dire Myſtery begins t' unvail.
I'm dying, ſpeak whilſt I have Life to hear.
Lep. He cannot make an honorable peace,
So he is only come to command war;
Now to keep faith with faithleſs enemies,
Returns to dye.
Ful. Y'ave ſtruck me to the heart.
Lep. Fly, Madam, or you'll never ſee him more.
His Army at the preſent bar his way,
But all their force will, without you, be vain.
Ful. My reaſon, ſence and life, before me fly;
The Conſul will enjoy his cruel wiſh,
Nothing of mine will ever reach him more,
Unleſs my ſhreiks cut through the wounded air,
Or Winds hurl to him my torn ſcatter'd hair.

ACT V.

ACT V.

SCENE *Continues.* Regulus *appears beſet by* Lepidus, *an Augur, all the Army; who in ſuppliant Poſtures ſurround him.*

Reg. WHO has betraid me thus, and brought my Troops
To beſiege me?
Lep. Sir, *I* confeſs, 'twas *I.*
Reg. Y' are grateful *Lepidus*, *I* advanced you
To honor, you'd ſink me to the loweſt ſhame;
Make me appear a Coward, and be forſworn.
Lep. Well, Sir, we have not ſworn you ſhall return,
We are not perjur'd if we hinder you.
Reg. Yes but you are, y'are ſworn to obey me.
Lep. We may oppoſe you without Perjury,
If you deſtroy your ſelf.
Reg. I ſave myſelf,
When I am falſe, I'm *Regulus* no more,
But a ſoul Spectre, which in little time
You'll hate and loath, whatever you think now.
Lep. Sir, this perhaps might force you from our hands,
If y' only went to die, for then you went
To the good Gods; you go to Furies now,
Who will torment you.
Reg. Not beyond my ſtrength.
I've got this profit by calamity,
That *I* have learnt to bear calamity.
I never did believe it was an evil,
But now *I* do not think it troubleſome.
Miſery by uſe into our nature grows
I by enduring pains will torture them,
And burn them with their own infernal rage.
Lep. But, Sir, you'll alſo torture your dear Friends,
We dare not let you go.
Reg. How ſhall *I* ſcape? *Enter* Metellus.
But the Proconſul comes, he'll do me right.
Sir, ſet me free from my diſtracted Friends,

Who

Who would take from me more than *Carthage* can,
My Honor, Innocence, and their own Love;
For will they love me when I'm infamous?
Met. Sir, ſomething ſo divine appears in you,
I proſtrate even my reaſon to your will.
Sir, if you wou'd reſolve to ſtay with us,
No earthly power ſhall take you from our hands;
But if you will return, *I* offer up
My ſelf, my Child, as Victims to your will,
For be aſſur'd we periſh, Sir, with you.
Reg. I periſh if *I* ſtay, then ſet me free.
Met. I'll do you then this diſmal ſervice, Sir,
If *I* am able; but *I* doubt it much:
I hardly can believe the Legions,
Which oppoſe your commands, will obey mine.
Reg. I've thought upon a way—a word—give out,
Carthage has given me my mortal bane; *aſide.*
And in a ſence it has.
Met. A fatal truth!
I will do't, Sir, Pray Gentlemen draw near.
Follow no longer your miſtaken Love,
It leads you to no purpoſe from your way.
The *Carthaginians* have the Conſul faſt,
They've given him his death.
Lep. What? poyſon'd him?
Met. They have his life, 'tis theirs do what you can;
They've torn it to a wretched Remnant now,
Not worth his keeping, therefore give it 'em,
It is the price of their Damnation:
And let him have the glory he deſires.
Lep. Oh! treacherous Murderers!
Met. Nay you trouble him.
Take hence your griefs, the Conſul has enow,
Go, throw 'em on his bloody Enemies.
Lep. The Villains are too few for revenge.
And, oh! too vile to recompence our loſs;
The *Carthaginian* Nation cannot do't.
Oh! Conſul! ſince we muſt not hope for you,
And your ſtay here reprieves your Murderers,
We will releaſe you, to releaſe our ſelves
To our juſt vengeance.
Reg. Now *I* know you all.
I was afraid *I* had loſt all my Friends;
That *Punick* air breath'd *Punick* ſouls in you,
And that you ſlighted Faith; which *I* believe
No *Roman* does, except a *Roman* Prieſt.

Mourn

Mourn not for me, for that implys I'm fallen,
Rather calamity falls under me.
Applaud my happy fortunes, for I go
In triumph to a higher Capitol,
And more magnificent than that in *Rome*;
One in the Heavens, where living *Jove* resides.
True, I must first put off my flesh by death,
But that I with as small concern can do,
As men do Sandals at a Temple gate.
Now Friends farewel, thank you for all your Love,
And when I am in *Carthage*, storm the Town. [*Ex. Lep. & Attend.*
Now, Sir, thank you for an immortal life,
For you have open'd me the way to it;
And at no small expences to your heare.
Oh! *Fulvia*! there's my last great agony.

Met. Sir, I have eas'd you of some part of it;
I met her flying t'ee, and stopp'd her way;
But might have spar'd the labor, for, alas!
Her sorrow often flung her dead on earth.
I left her speechless in her womens arms.
You may escape her now. Oh! no! she comes,
Comes like a Torrent, there's no stopping her.

Reg. Nay then, what sufferings have I to bear?
I fear my strength, and dare not meet her Eyes.

Enter Fulvia.

Ful. Oh! Consul! Consul! what have you decreed?

Met. Daughter, away.

Ful. I cannot, cannot, Sir.
Pray pardon me, I'm not in my own power.
Oh! Consul! will y' abandon all your friends
For Slavery and Death, tormenting Death?

Met. He's bound by Oath.

Ful. Was he not so to me?
And by a Thousand Oaths, he had no right
To give himself away without my leave:
He's true to Murderers, and false to me.

Reg. Dear *Fulvia*, calm your self, and use your reason,
You'll find I've acted as became a Man,
Who durst pretend to such a heart as yours.
Should such a Man betray the Rights of *Rome*
To save his life?

Ful. Your death will ruine *Rome*,
And me, and all the World.

Reg. No, *Fulvia*;
By dying I preserve the Rights of *Rome*,
Advance her Glory, and mine, and therefore yours

Now *Rome* will be my lofty Monument,
'Twill ſtand upon my Tomb, where I ſhall reſt,
In a Bed fit for him whom *Fulvia* loves.
Ful. Where ſhall I reſt when *Regulus* is dead?
You take no care for me.
Reg. Will you not reſt
In my repoſe? can our united hearts
Have any joys, or griefs, both do not feel?
Ful. I do not know your heart, but I believe
Your griefs afflict me more, than they do you.
Reg. Too much, too much.
More than a Slave, as I am, can deſerve.
Ful. You are my Lord; more dear (if poſſible)
To me than ever: by your fall my heart
Is greatly bruis'd, and tend'rer than before;
More ſenſible of Sorrow, and of Love.
Then pity me, for my ſake, go with me.
Reg. I dare not do't, becauſe I love you more,
Than to permit your ſorrow to deceive you.
You ſeek to take with you, a Slave, a Coward,
A Thief, a Murderer; all this I muſt be,
If *I* return not. *I* ſhall break my Oath,
To ſteal my Freedom from the gallant *Xantippe*
Who truſted me; and if *I* break my truſt,
I expoſe him to all my Sufferings,
And perhaps prove his bloody Murderer.
Would you have ſuch a Villain as this with you?
Ful. Oh! theſe are arts to hide your want of Love.
You love me not, were lov'd, you have deceived me.
Met. Now Daughter you are too importunate.
Ful. Oh! by my Love, *I* know he does not love,
I for no Joy on Earth could part with him;
He flies from me to Torments, and the Grave.
Met. No, no, to Juſtice, Piety, Renown.
Ful He is unjuſt, *I* have a right in him,
I never did, *I* never will renounce.
To take himſelf from me is Robbery
And cruel Murder, it will be my death,
And this he knows; but he regards not me,
He can be tender of his Enemies,
And not of me.
Reg. Oh! Madam! ſay not ſo.
Ful. Go, go to *Carthage*, let her have her right,
And I'll have mine.
I've title to partake whate're is yours,
In ſeveral Chains, Miſery and Death are yours.

And

And all the fortune you have left your self,
Well I'll to *Carthage* wi' you, and have my share.
Reg. To *Carthage*?
Ful. Do you think *I* dare not do't?
Yes valiant Conful, *I* in ſome reſpects,
In reſolution will tranſcend even you.
You are divine, above all ſence of ill;
I'm a weak Woman, *I* have tender ſence,
I can feel torments, yet I'll ruſh upon 'em.
Reg. Sweet *Fulvia*, hear me.
Ful. Oh! *I* love too much
To hear and ſee you; would *I* lov'd it leſs,
My miſery and misfortune would be leſs,
Would *I* had never lent an Ear to you.
Yet you would now be heard. What ſhould *I* hear,
Bloody Decrees againſt yourſelf and me?
Oh! *I* have heard too much, too much o' them.
And why ſhould you expect *I* ſhould hear you?
You regard not my Love, my Tears, my Blood,
Met. Hold *Fulvia*, hold! you harm a dying Friend,
Who dyes for you and me, and for all Rome.
Why ſay you Miſery is all the fortune
Of this great Man? is Glory of no price?
Are you a *Roman*, and want ſence of Glory?
All Ages will adore this vertuous Man,
Whom you wrong heavily. See, ſee, *I* ſwear,
Sh' as wrung Tears from him; now but that *I* know,
What thou haſt ſaid proceeds from raving Love,
For this great Sacrilege I'd ſtrike thee dead.
Reg. Oh! Sir! you now commit the cruelty
You charge her with, you wound a wounded heart.
I know her heart is bleeding now for me,
And what ſhe ſays comes from her pain, not her;
She is moſt kind in what ſhe ſeems unkind.
Ful. Indeed *I* am, and though your Love were loſt.
Reg. Oh ſay it not.
Ful. *I* do not think it is,
But if it were, yet *I* muſt love you ſtill,
Nay in calm thoughts adore you, and believe
You are too excellent, that's all your fault,
And my misfortune was, *I* lov'd too high.
Met. Now Daughter you judge well, and do him right,
Ful. Oh! 'twas my madneſs wrong'd him, and not *I*.
Reg. *I* know't ſweet *Fulvia*, and can *I* be falſe
To ſo much love? before *I* knew you lov'd,
I lov'd you ſo, that you were my chief aim.
In ſeeking Glory I ſought chiefly you.

I fought for you, and now I dye for you,
By glorious Death more to deserve your Love;
And therefore be more lov'd; for if I dye
To keep my Faith with mortal Enemies,
Oh! think how firm my heart must be to you.
But shou'd I poorly live by breach of Faith,
I should for ever lose you in both worlds;
You'd shun me here with scorn, and after death,
I for my Perjury shou'd shine in shades,
While you wou'd shine in Heaven; there is a Heaven.
This shred of Life cannot be all the Web,
Nature has wrought to cover divine Spirits;
There is a Heaven because there's misery.
The divine Power ever blest and good,
Made not the World for an ill natur'd jest,
To sport himself in pains of those he made.

Ful. True, but for Heaven what shall you endure?

Reg. No more than what you can'd endure for me.

Ful. Oh! that I might, I'd run to it with joy.

Reg. Then cannot I for you, sweet *Fulvia*?

Met. So, y'ave prepared balm for the parting blow;
And that you may the better bear it,
Take from each other your entangling Eyes,
I'll interpose and hide 'em——now, my Lord.

[*Metellus goes between,* Regulus *offers to go,* Fulvia *holds him.*]

Ful. Hold, hold, I cannot, will not let you go.
I'll lose my arms before I'll lose my hold.
I know what you resolve is glorious;
But I'm a Woman, and my Love prevails.
And the more brave you are, the more I love,
And the less able am to part with you.

Reg. Oh! I am in a tempting dangerous snare.

Ful. Nay do not grieve, you cannot scape from me;
I shall release you soon, my heart will break.

[*The Ghost of* Aparnia *rises,* Fulvia *shrieks, and falls in her* Regulus *Arms.*

Met. She shrieks and dies! her heart is broke indeed.
Poor Girl!

Reg. Oh! now I see what made her shriek,
A frightful Messenger is come for me.

Met. From *Carthage!*

Reg. From the dead; 'tis my dead Wife. [*Ghost sinks.*

Met. I perceive nothing dead, but my poor Child;
I hope she's dead, life would afflict her now.

Reg. Take notice Heaven, what we all endure
For, for Virtue. This our sweet last touch

Of

Of this fair hand is the only recompence,
I shall receive for all I lose on Earth.
Mar. I'll see you to the Lines then take my leave. [*Ex.*
[*Fulvia weeps.*]
Ful. Oh! he is gone! he is for ever gone!
Fond tears be gone, such vain and vulgar sorrow
Does not become the grave of *Regulus*.
I'll strew his Tomb with *Carthaginian* Ruines.
And this whole Nation for his bloody death,
Shall weep to death in blood —— Ho, *Lepidus*.
Enter Lepidus.
Where is your Consul?
Lep. He is near the Walls.
Where Thousands of us will be presently;
We are preparing for him a revenge.
Ful. Come follow me ——
I'm now your Consul, his Soul lives in me.
We'll bury *Carthage* so, that where it stood,
In future ages shall to few be known;
Some shall believe here never was a Town. *Ex.*

SCENE Carthage.

Enter Asdrubal, *Senators, and Attendants.*

Asd. Most noble Senators, will you be pleas'd
To tell my honorable Lords, the Senate,
I'll only give some necessary orders
About their Service, then attend their Pleasures.
Sen. We shall, my Lord. [*Ex. Senators.*
Asd. I see the Senates craft;
I'm only us'd like Physic for a need;
With loathing forc'd upon 'em, and the wish'd
Effect once wrought, I shall be flung away.
For Commonwealths cannot bear glorious men,
By the confessions of the Priest and *Gisgon*
I am in danger, but I'll try to quash 'em.
I order'd the confessing Gentlemen [*To his Attend.*
Should be brought to me.
1. They are come, my Lord.
Enter Hiarbas, Gisgon, Barto, *guarded.*
Asd. How the Rogues look and tremble, for my sport? [*Aside.*
I'll let their terrors worry 'em a while.
Gis. What will he do with us?

Hiar. I do.

Hier. I do not know.
I'm under dreadful consternation.
Gisf. How? are y' afraid of death, now it is come?
I've heard you crow over death on your own Dunghill.
Bat. Oh! no profaneness in affliction, pray.
Gif. Oh! now the wind sits there, y'ave a fore Throat;
At other times your swallow's large enough.
Asf. The Rascals wrangle; and how pale they look?
The Priest there, has a face just like a Goose.
White every where, except about his Bill.
His Nose is faithful to the dye, Wine gave it.
Well, now my grave, my cheating face goes on. *Aside.*
Oh! Gentlemen! I love and honor you.
Come to my arms.
Hier. What's this? come to his arms? *Aside.*
Gif. Has he not got an engine there to stifle us? *Aside.*
Asf. You lov'd the Commonwealth above my life,
Or your own credit; you are honest men.
You play'd the part of Spies, oh, you did well.
To tell you truth, it was a part I play'd.
I was a Spy on you.
Gisf. Indeed, my Lord?
Asf. Indeed. But you had one great quality
Most fit for Spies, of which I had no share.
You scorn those scorns which always are the vale
Of that unlucky Office. I confess,
I was kept under by the fear of shame,
And partly by some tenderness for you:
I love you Gentlemen.
Gisf. Your humble Servant.
Hier. Your Excellencies very humble Servant.
Gisf. A noble Gentleman!
Bat. A gallant Man!
Asf. Besides I found no great necessity
To do you harm; when I had power enough
To hinder you from doing the State harm.
But that I never meant to wrong the State,
I swear before the Gods. Do not I know
It is impossible to be King here?
Speak your minds Gentlemen, you never thought
I was so foolish as to be in earnest;
And stake my life at a sure losing game;
Hier. We knew not what to think of your Highness,
We acted as our Consciences directed.
Asf. Oh! You did very well, y' are honest men.

Bat. I can

Bat. I can swear for your Highness, You never said one word to me, of being King.

Asd. Th'ast done me right, so must these Gentlemen,
Or they will bring great guilt upon themselves.
For Gentlemen, had you thought me in earnest,
You'd have inform'd, when first you knew my guile,
Instead o' that, you never let it go,
Till you cou'd purchase your own lives by it.
For, Sirs, can you deny the fear of death
Had not a mighty hand in this great work?

Gisg. It had a little finger in't indeed.

Asd. Well Gentlemen, y'ave serv'd the Senate well.
Now he that is an entire honest Man
Does right to all Men; clear my innocence,
Then both the Senate and myself must love you,
For having serv'd us both most honestly.
And let me tell you, it is in my power
To raise or ruine you; which I shall do,
According as I find you good or bad.

Hias. We had best stick to him, he's a great man *aside to Gis.*

Gis. Ay, and a very devillish cunning Man. *(aside.*

Bat. Ay, and an honest man for ought I know,
He never said a word to me of being King. *(aside.*

Hias. This Fellows evidence too will mischief us.
—— We'll serve your Highness.

Asd. You are honest men.
Come we will to the Senate, they are sate. *(Exe.*

SCENE *The Senate House. The Senate sitting, the Pretor in the Chair.*

Enter Asdrubal, Hiarbas, Gisgon, Barro.

Asd. Most Honorable, Venerable Lords;
I have an infinite desire to serve you.
It is my sole ambition, whatsoe're
Some Men may tell you: but, alas! my arm
Is wither'd by a blast, these Gentlemen
Have blown upon me; I must do 'em right
They have inform'd, I talk'd of being King.
'Tis true, I did; they started first the Talk.
The Apparition, of so great a Treason
So scar'd me, that I knew not what to answer.
I soon reflected, I should better serve

The

The State by humoring these Gentlemen,
To find how far they'd dug in such a Mine;
Then I should do, by making 'em in frights
Conceal their works. But that *I* ever went
One step with 'em, or gave 'em cause to think,
I aim'd at being King, *I* do deny;
And they have prov'd by hiding long the Treason.
But *I* commend 'em that they e're discover'd it,
And humbly beg noble Rewards for 'em.

Pret. What say you Gentlemen? d'ee think my Lord
Meant to be King?

Gis. We know not what he meant.
We did discover it for fear he meant it;
But were not hasty in discovery,
Because it was not plain to us he meant it.

Pret. It seems he would, and he would not be King.
Why, Sir, you baffle your own evidence.
What says your Reverence to this affair?

Hiar. *I* do desire, as it becomes my Coat,
To have my name and conscience without spot.
I fear'd his Highness was ambitious;
To feel his pulse, *I* mov'd him to be King.
His Highness did accept the tempting proffer,
To do my Duty to the State *I* told it.
But *I* must do his Highness right;
He ne're advanc'd one step in th' affair,
Or gave us cause to think he did approve it.
So I have conscientiously discharg'd
My Duty to the Senate, and his Highness.

Pret. That is to say, y'ave play'd the Knave with both;
And with yourself the Fool, as you shall find.
What says, that Citizen?

Bat. An't please your Honor,
His Highness never said one word to me
Of being King. All *I* know of th' affair
Was from his Reverence; he told me indeed,
His Highness had a fancy to be King:
And also said, if *I* would help his Highness
To keep a correspondence with the *Romans*,
If by the *Romans* help he got the Crown,
I shou'd be sure of very rich rewards.

1. *Sen.* So, so, they've been disposing all our Money.

Pret. And all our Lives; the *Romans* must ha' come.
By all y'ave said, y'ave fairly clear'd my Lord,
And charg'd yourselves. *I* think, 'tis fit they die.
What says your Lordships?

Sen. Ay, ay, hang 'em, hang 'em.

Gisg. How

Gisg. How? hang us?
Sen. Go, away with 'em, and hang 'em.
Gisg. My Lord, my Lord, will you let us be hang'd? (To Asd.
Asd. What wou'd you have me do? oppose the Senate?
Gisg. We are all fop'd here, fop'd out of our lives.
Bat. Oh! dear! *I* cannot dye! *I* cannot dye!
Pret. Thou canst do nothing else, thou dyest with fear.
Bat. *I* am not prepared to dye!
Gisg. No, Sir, nor *I*.
Bat. *I* have my Religion yet to chuse.
Gisg. I have my hanging Equipage to make.
I desire to hang like a Man o' Quality.
Pret. Dye piously, that's the best Equipage.
1. *Sen.* They'r not content with hanging; torture 'em.
Gis. Hold, hold! my Lords! we beg we may be hang'd.
Bat. That's a sad thing! must we intreat a hanging?
2. *Sen.* Away with 'em, and hang 'em presently.

Hiarbas, Gisgon, *and* Batto *are guarded off.*

Asd. So Traytors now will have a care of me. *aside.*
For *I* out-match 'em all at their own art.
Now venerable Lords my hands are free
To guard you.
Pret. To destroy us all, we know you. *aside.*

[*A Noise of a Multitude, crying Justice, Justice.*]

Enter Officer.

Off. My Lords, the Traytors are all executed;
And at their deaths conjured the Multitude,
If any thing they had was precious to 'em,
With utmost speed to quell Lord *Asdrubal*,
Or he'd be King, and they'd be all undone,
So all the Town are at your gates, to beg
You'll fling him to their mercy.
Pret. We will do't.
Guards seize Lord *Asdrubal*, and carry him out
To be dispos'd as the good People please.
Asd. As the base Rabble please, your dirty Lords,
You take my life for what you ought to thank me.
I shou'd have honor'd you by being your King,
Had *I* been King, *I* adhere to a high-born Prince!
Now you are Vassals to a nasty Rout.
Confound your Commonwealth! Confound it!
Continue it Heaven, that there may never live
A great Man here. In a base Commonwealth,
Merit is Treason; a great Man oppressed
His little Masters, by out-shining 'em.
I'm your Oppressor now, your Tyrant now,

Fear of me tortures you; I give you Laws.
Shake and look pale! you do——Obedient Cowards!
While I have Life, I've Empire in my frown,
And in my courage a bright awful Crown. (Ex.

Pret. Why? what a thundring Tyrant had this been
Upon a Throne, when he is thus in Fetters?

1. Sen. 'Tis well we're rid of him; would with this ease
We cou'd be freed from the bold dangerous *Spartan*.
The Traytor *Asdrubal* has told some truth.
A Commonwealth bears no imparity.
A great Man is a Tumor, is a Disease.

Enter an Officer.

Off. My Lords, the *Roman* Consul is return'd.
The *Spartan* General attends,
With his great Prisoner, to know your pleasures.

Pret. Go bring 'em in.

Enter Xantippus *sad and dejected*, Regulus *bold and brisk*.

Ha! What means this? our General is led
Which is the Conqueror, and which the Captive?

Reg. Have you forgotten me so soon my Lords?

Pret. No, but you come with the air of a Triumpher.
Your Conqueror there comes like a mournful Prisoner.
Has he subdued you General since he went?

Xant. Yes, and your Lordships too, he has o'recome,
In a more dreadful battle with his Friends,
Than e're he fought with your most valiant Troops;
Their griefs had sharper edges than your Swords;
He has o'recome 'em all, and now returns
To triumph here, and if I might prevail,
He shou'd triumph, and be led round the Town,
With Lawrels crown'd, t' encourage all your Subjects
To do for *Carthage* what he did for *Rome*;
For if you honour vertue in a Foe,
What may a great deserving Friend expect?

Pret. Is this true, *Regulus*? have you brought war?

Reg. I have done Justice both to *Rome* and you.
What *Roman* Valor got, I have preserv'd,
And hither brought myself your right by sword.

1. Sen. Be crown'd with Lawrels torn with red hot Pincers.

Xant. Be torn!

2. Sen. Be torn. Go fetch the Tormentors.

Xant. Touch him that dares, he is my right.

Pret. Once more,
Out-brave us all in our own Senate-house?
Xantippus know, we are provided for you.

Our fond confiding in your faith and honor,
Expos'd us lately to your insolence.
Now we have fifty Thousand Men in arms,
Affront us now, no *Spartan* shall escape.
Xant. Behave yourselves like Men, and we'll obey you.
But if you will be Lions, and devour
A valiant Man, only in love to blood;
We'll do our best to scowre your filthy den,
Happen what will to us.
Reg. Gallant *Xantippus*.
No more, no more o' this, if y' are my Friend;
You torture me more than these Men can do,
For *I* shall glory in what they inflict.
But *I* sink down under your griefs and dangers;
I would not for the world lose this occasion
Of winning Glory to myself and *Rome*.
Pret. Go, carry him away, and torture him.
Xan. E're *I* will bear it, I'll be tortur'd with him. (*Ex.*
Pret. Was ever such amazing insolence?
1 *Sen.* 'Tis well we are behind hand with his pay.
Pret. He puts a bloody cross on his accounts.
2 *Sen.* 'Tis the best piece o' service he e're did us.

After a Fight within, enter an Officer.

Off. My Lords, take speedy course to save yourselves
And the whole City, or it will be lost.
The *Spartan* General has beat your Guards,
And finding he wants strength to fight the Town,
He has let in part o' the *Roman* Troops,
Commanded by a warlike *Roman* Virgin,
Contracted as they say to *Regulus*.
And she's come hither to revenge her Lover.
1 *Sen.* Why, what a bold black Traytor is this *Spartan*?
Pret. My Lord, *I* doubt we are the Traytors now,
The beaten Party always are the Traytors.
2 *Sen.* The beaten Party? has he got all *Carthage*?
Off. Oh! no! he's only Master of one Gate,
Which *I* believe he keeps for his retreat.
But he has strength enough to do great mischief,
Unless prevented.
Pret. We will put a stop to't.
Where's *Regulus*?
Off. He's forc'd out of our hands.
Pret. Before he was tormented?
Off. No, my Lord.
Pret. Well, all the better, he cannot harm us.
Go to the *Spartan* General, and tell him,

We say, he has committed a high fault,
His King and Country would severely punish,
Should we complain of him; but for the sake
Of his past services we gladly love him.
If he will quickly leave the Town in peace,
And return home, all this shall be forgot,
We will provide him every thing he wants,
Money and Shipping.

Off. I will let him know't. (*Ex.*

Pret. I will take care the Shipping shall be rotten,
And he shall sink, perhaps in sight of *Carthage*. (*Ex.*

SCENE 4. *Street in* Carthage.

Enter Xantippus, Fulvia, *and her Maid.*

Xan. Oh! noble Virgin, in whose sacred breast,
The heart of the great *Regulus* is lodg'd,
Can you forgive the cruel Sacrilege
I have committed against him and you?
But I repent and have made some atonement.

Fulv. I am not able, Sir, to answer you.
My Soul is torn with fears of *Regulus*,
For I am told, we come too late to save him.

Xan. It is too true.

Fulv. Is he alive or dead?

Xan. He lives, and has the joy to know you're here.
I told it him, I did not think it safe,
To bring you to him, e're he was prepar'd,
Lest the surprize shou'd scatter all his Spirits,
And still I am afraid the enterview
Will harm you both.

Fulv. Sir, this short enterview,
Is all the wealth we hope for in this world,
And to be hinder'd of it, all the harm
That can befall us now: if you repent
The ill y'ave done us, heap no more upon us.

Xan. The Heavens forbid. Well you shall have your will.
He's nearer than you think, open the door.

The SCENE *is drawn, and* Regulus *is discover'd sitting in a Chair bloody.*

Fulv. Oh! here's my Lord, all over wounds and blood.

Reg. And

Reg. And have I liv'd to see my *Fulvia!*
Thou bringst me joy, can heal a thousand wounds,
Wou'dst thou not weep; but if thou weep'st, my Dear,
Thou wilt set all my wounds bleeding afresh.
Fulv. Can any eye see this, and not burst out
In tears and blood? your barbarous Murderers
Have found a luxury in torturing you;
You are all over wounds.
Reg. Oh! no, my Love!
My Soul's all over pleasure. Had I wounds
In Conscience or in Honor, I indeed
Were a poor creature fit to be lamented;
But as I am, I'm to be envied.
I have a Conscience which I would not change,
For all the Crowns on earth; and I have Honor,
Will live unrivall'd to Eternity;
And in my arms I've my dear *Fulvia.*
Xant. And at your feet your weeping enemy,
Asking your pardon, and adoring you.
Reg. Can there be then a happier man than I?
I have some wounds, it is no wonder sure,
A Soldier shou'd have wounds, and these I fought,
They give eternal life to my renown;
To me but a few pains, which now methinks,
Are gone, my *Fulvia* has heal'd 'em all.
Ful. No, no, you say this to deceive my sorrow.
I see your Agonies, Convulsions,
And feel 'em too; they tear my veins and nerves,
And I shall die without revenging you.
I did not doubt but to have offer'd up
This Town, a burning Victim to your Ghost;
A glory to which I had greatest right,
For by your sufferings I have highest wrong.
Now all this wealth I must bequeath to others.
But for my sufferings I have great rewards,
Since I in life have *Regulus*'s love,
And in *Elizium* shall possess himself.
Reg. For ever dear—But do not hasten thither,
By dangerous ways, harm not thy beauteous self,
Least I shou'd lose thee too, in the next world.
Dark is the passage to't, the clearest paths,
Are Vertue and Obedience to the Gods.
If 'tis their pleasure, follow life a while.
A little time in this short life is much,
But it is nothing in eternity.
Some days cut off from thence, will not be miss'd.

I'll

I'll wait the coming of thy lovely Shade,
At th' entrance of *Elizium*, which to me,
Will not be an *Elizium* till thou com'st.
I'm going, weep not, *Fulvia*, for no man
Can live with greater pleasure than I dye. (*Dyes.*

Fulv. He's gone! he's gone! oh! thou accurſed *Carthage!*
May'ſt thou abhor and ſcorn all Honor, Virtue,
Piety, Faith, till thou art ſcorn'd by all.
May'ſt thou do Villanies may deſerve hanging,
And then be found of Tyrants that ſhall hang thee.
Ha! I'm not well; I burn, and my brains ſick;
All nature's ſick, the frighned day ſtarts back;
Abortive night is born before its time.
Some horrid thing is done, what is the news?

Xan. Alas! ſhe raves! ſorrow has hurt her ſence!

Fulv. I'm told the Conſuls murder'd, is it true?
I ſaw him lately, what's become of him?

Xant. 'Tis ſo alas, here's a great ſpirit broke.

Fulv. I'm to be married to him, I'll have him,
Though he be dead!—Dead? no, he's but aſleep,
The Bridegroom ſleep before the Bride's abed.
Oh! fie upon't! I'll make him bluſh to morrow.
Undreſs, undreſs me Ladies, quickly, ſoftly,
I'll ſteal to him, and never waken him,
Then i'th' morning I will riſe a Virgin,
And we'll all laugh him out o' countenance, ha, ha.

Xan. How does ſhe mix together grief and mirth?
Ah? what confuſion's in this noble mind?

Ful. How pale and cold he is? like a Moon beam
In a clear frotty night, oh! he will ſtarve me.

Xant. Remove from hence the body, 'tis diſturbs her.

Regulus *is carried off.*

Fulv. Warm, warm him ſome body. Ha! he a Corſe?
Then he is taken Priſ'ner once again,
When he had paid his Ranſom with his blood.
Oh! treacherous inſatiable Villains!
Can nothing ſatisfie your thirſt of blood.
I'll after 'em, my Sword, my Bow, my Horſe;
Purſue, purſue, e're they are got to *Carthage*. *Ex.*

She runs after Regulus.

Xan. Follow, and hold her, leſt ſhe harm herſelf.

Enter Eliſa.

El. Away, away, my Lord, the Winds blow fair
Both from the Heavens, and the Senate-houſe.
The Senate give you leave to return home;
Order you Money, and all things you need.

They

They sent this Officer, to express their pleasure.

Enter an Officer, who gives Xantippus *Papers.*

Xant. I thankfully accept the Senates favor,
And will not give 'em trouble many days:
Wilt thou go with me?

El. Will I stay behind?
If thou thou'dst sink in Seas, I'd follow thee;
Mount to the Heavens, if I stay behind,
It shall not be my fault; I will shake off
The luggage of this body to be with thee.
I've more good news, my Father will go with us,
And is providing shipping.

Xant. Excellent Man!

El. His care is needful, for he has discover'd
A horrible contrivance of ill men,
To sink thee and thy Troops, in rotten Ships.

Xan. Oh! wicked place! well I will sink this Town;
I'll take thy Father and thyself away,
Whose Piety binds up the hands of Heaven;
Then Vengeance will have liberty to strike,
And I, my Love, shall need your Piety,
To guard me from the anger of the Gods.
I've ruin'd a most noble pair of Lovers,
The divine *Regulus* and *Fulvia*.
I greatly fear her sorrow and his blood.

Fulv. You did not shed his blood but fought to save it.

Xant. 'Tis true, I did; and I will save his body
From any farther barb'rous violence;
I will convey it to his Camp with Honor.
And lovely *Fulvia*, dear, shall be your care.
Alas, she needs it, for her sence is gone.

Elis. I will my Love.

Xant. And then we will to *Sparta*,
And take up all our joy in Love and Vertue.
In these thou wilt find happiness enough.
Regulus found it so in spite of torments.
Vertue! thy joys no fortune can oppress;
Vice! thou art wretched spite of all success.
The aid of fortune is to Vertue vain;
To Vice a curse, and more augments the bane. *Ex.*

FINIS.